

JULY 1, 1898.

THE
Chap-Book

SEMI-MONTHLY

A MISCELLANY & REVIEW of BELLES LETTRES



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THE CHAP-BOOK

Vol. IX, No. 4

SEMI-MONTHLY

July 1, 1898

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NOTES

THE SENSE OF HUMOR, for which we as a nation are famed, was never perhaps so unpleasantly to the fore as in the present times. Generally speaking, our keen sensitiveness to the ludicrous, our instincts for burlesque, have not been so strong as to lessen the dignity of our international relations. But at the present moment the one thing in the Spanish-American war which might have been expected to keep something of sacredness is being twisted into light jests. One may or may not believe that the war is one of vengeance or humanity rather than conquest, but the watchword, "Remember the Maine," came from such an appalling calamity that it is distinctly not to be spoken too lightly.

Two small instances in Chicago which pass almost unnoticed among the small humors of the passing hour seem to us an extraordinary comment on the earnestness with which we prosecute the war. A saloon on Clark street has lately been rechristened "The Maine," and signs all over its front windows exhort the passer-by to "Remember the Maine." The place seems luridly cheerful, and no doubt any quantity of people remember it daily.

"Remember the _____" Supply anything to fill the blank and you have a joke, according to the American idea of humor. A month before the excursion season to Milwaukee commenced for the steamer Christopher Columbus the inhabitants of Chicago were urged to "Remember the Whaleback." Everybody laughed, remembered the Christopher Columbus, and thought it a very good advertisement. And undoubtedly, the country through, people are being told to remember beer gardens, our dead sailors and chewing gum, all in the same form and almost in the same breath. Is it possible

that the American public thinks the war is merely a substitute for the ordinary summer out-of-door vaudeville?

AS YOU HAPPEN TO FEEL about such matters in general, you will be pleased or not to learn from Mr. Henry Romeike of the Clipping Bureau that Lieutenant Hobson is one of his subscribers, and that last November he entered an order asking for all "personal notices" of himself which should appear in any newspaper. If the order had been entered this spring, before Mr. Hobson started to become a hero, it would be rather insufferable. As it is, we are mainly troubled by the thought of the enormous sum which Hobson will owe Romeike when he is released. "Up to the time he sailed with Sampson's fleet," says Mr. Romeike, "I had been able to supply him with only about forty clippings. Now I am making over four hundred a day." Unless something is done to stop this, the gallant Hobson will be Romeike's debtor for life, unless Congress makes an appropriation to pay his bill.

THE SPANISH LANGUAGE seems to be causing a great deal of trouble to the educational authorities of New Mexico. The wild patriots of the Rio Grande region object to having any Spanish used or taught in the schools now that we are at war with the mother country of that tongue. We do not advocate that the Castilian speech should anywhere be made the official one. But it occurs to us that now, more than ever, there is need for a knowledge of the language. Surely all of us realize that Spanish is the tongue of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines, as well of the Iberian peninsula, and we all imagine that the war will leave us in closer relations than ever with these regions.

Already reports come to us that the Rough Riders are somewhat grumpy because they cannot understand the "nigger Spanish" of the insurgents. Of course, the schoolboy of the moment cannot hope to be the rough rider of the next moment. But he hopes to have a sugar plantation in Cuba shortly, or to go out on a diplomatic mission with General Merritt to the Philippines. And in all such events he must be able to manage *la lengua Castellana*.

RIDING UPON THE CREST of the patriotic wave, the American shield-of-arms is sharing honors with the stars and stripes. But with a difference. The flags all have their stripes properly colored and arranged, and when a star or two is lacking it means nothing more than that the country has grown since its purchase. The shield, however, though in use as a decoration for the windows of shops, factories and residences, or as an article of personal adornment, is invariably wrong. It may be worth while knowing—for if the shield is worth having, it is surely worth having right—that there are no stars upon the blue chief, or upper third of it, and there are seven white stripes to six red below, reversing the disposition made in the national standard. There is, of course, no reason for the difference; but it exists and should be respected.

It is equally true that there is no heraldic reason for using the dark indigo blue which makes the flag so somber. It should be a bright, vivid color—as blue as the red is red. All who know the French tricolor will bear witness to the gain in beauty and vigor imparted to it by the use of a blue that is blue. The only excuse offered for making the ordinary bunting flag so much too dark is the practical one—indigo does not fade as sky blue would.

And the solitary star of the Cuban banner, now so much in evidence, is also standing on its head much of the time. The star should have one of its five points directed to the top of the flag, not the bottom. If reversed it implies distress, and it is not the Cubans who are suffering so much these days.

THE COLLEGE BOAT RACE at New London was a good one, and Cornell and Mr. Courtney deserve a great deal of praise for winning. But it is unfortunate that Harvard was not victorious simply on account of Mr. Lehman. What he has done for American college athletics is truly marvelous. Before his coming the crews at New London behaved like hostile armies on the eve of battle. To be sure, the crews called on each other once every other year, but beyond that they treated each other more like rival pugilists than gentlemen and sportsmen.

This year the crews of Yale and Harvard called on each other frequently, and the latter even went so far as to invite Cornell to dinner. These incidents are in themselves not very remarkable, but they mean that Mr. Lehman has shown us the difference between gentlemanly sport and profes-



RUDOLPH C. LEHMAN

sional athletics. He has spent the last two winters in the arduous work of teaching the Harvard crews how to row, and they have lost both times. If the crews had won every one would have known of this man, who came from England and spent two years trying to help us. As it is, his crews have lost, his hard work has gone for nothing, and he returns home bearing the blame for two more Harvard defeats. So we say it is unfortunate that Harvard did not win.

A CORRESPONDENT IN PARIS writes of the now celebrated Rodin Balzac: "The art world here has presented no very pleasing spectacle since the opening of the salons. An opinion having prevailed that M. Auguste Rodin's statue of Balzac is a failure, many of M. Rodin's fellow-sculptors have made indecent demonstrations of joy. One, who has peopled an entire European kingdom with bronze and marble gentlemen in frock-coats and attitudes, took so little pains to hide, when I called upon him, his satisfaction at seeing crowds in fits of laughter at the Balzac that I quite felt for his own self-respect. The fact of the matter is the public will come round in a year or two to the view of the present minority, find out that M. Rodin's statue is a work of extraordinary power, and turn the tables on M. Rodin's colleagues."

Meanwhile the comic papers have their own good time with the matter. The jest which we reproduce



BALZAC—BY RODIN

from *La Vie Parisienne* comes close to representing the popular view of M. Rodin's rough-hewn method. The impressionistic style in marble is likely to prove a harder thing for the public to understand than the most daring manifestations of modernity in painting.

AMONG THE INCIDENTS of newspaper life in times of war is the time-honored device of inserting a simple anagram by way of proper name in the news columns of one paper for the sake of seeing it copied by an unwary rival. Too late the latter discovers it to be an humiliating confession of theft, and the former exults. A few weeks elapse, and the process is reversed. It was just before the passing of one of the great news associations of the country that its papers announced, a day late, that something unpleasant had happened to a Hindoo notability. His name was given as the Prince Sihtel Otspueht. Being rightly interpreted by turning it other end to, it read, "The U(nited) P(ress) stole this." One of the New York journals of enterprise and audacity printed an item a fortnight or so ago to the effect that a prominent Austrian officer had been injured by the operations



Oh, they were right in telling you that my daughter is charming. See, here is her bust by M. Rodin.
From *La Vie Parisienne*.

of the Americans in Cuba. His name, it appeared from the cable dispatches, was Reflipe W. Thenuz. When appropriated bodily by a leading rival, overzealous in not denying its readers an account of every possible occurrence, it was learned that it was a combination of reversed and phonetic spelling signifying merely, "We pilfer the news." It is quite likely that nothing printed in either of the papers concerned will be quite as true as this during the continuation of the war.

SPAIN IS HAVING ALL THE SATISFACTION of success without in any way incurring the penalties of glory. Havana is still rejoicing in a screaming farce wherein the Yankees win a battle by killing a solitary mule. The exhilarating bravery of Hobson and his comrades has not become known in the peninsula, where the journals, illustrated and otherwise, are rejoicing greatly over the destruction of the "Merry Mac," as they designate the vessel, in all seriousness. The statement that Admiral Sampson ordered the ship sunk in the channel where she lies is commented on as proving that, while he may not be much of a sailor, he would succeed as a comic actor. While the American Congress is devising honors for Hobson, Spain is setting his ship beside the Baltimore, which it firmly believes to be at the bottom of Manila harbor, sent there by the guns of the vanished Spanish squadron.

It appears from the advices received in this country that the Rough Riders, after nine days of inaction on shipboard, were marched eight miles over impossible roads and under a tropical sun into a carefully prepared ambush set by more than double their force of seasoned Spanish regulars.

Yet the Americans drove their enemies back with heavy loss. If raw levies from the United States, commanded by a surgeon and a politician (no disrespect to Colonel Wood or Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt is intended), surprised, fatigued and hungry, can yet drive back a superior force of trained Spanish regulars, there does not seem to be much use in their prolonging the agony. And there would be none, if it did not appear in the Spanish papers that the Americans were repulsed with heavy loss and their arms and equipments captured by the Iberian cohorts.

Americans sneer at a nation which permits itself to be so deceived. Yet they manifest no disgust when Mr. Richard Harding Davis is discovered concealing the weaknesses revealed in the army by Mr. Poultney Bigelow, and are able to hear with customary complacency Mr. Davis's threat to have the army do something to Mr. Bigelow for calling attention to the fact that we have no cordite, no smokeless powder, no rifles of modern make, nor a great many other things which poor Spain has. It was actually necessary for Mr. Bigelow to remind Mr. Davis that this was "not France."

GERMAN SENTIMENT we are apt to think unanimous in favor of Spain. But the lesser press, which we do not often see here, reveals a different side. The drawing from *Simplissimus*, which we reproduce, is from a distinctly radical point of view, but it is a keen comment on the attitude Germany is likely to take. To the victor belong German laurels, and to him alone.

AT THE CLAIRVOYANT'S



I see in the West . . . two fierce enemies . . . fighting . . . in a sea of blood. . . . It is concealed from me . . . which shall wear the laurel of victory on his brow . . . yet I see one thing clearly . . . whoever of the two shall be the victor . . . shall receive a congratulatory telegram from Berlin.—From *Simplissimus*.



COMPOSITE-PHOTOGRAPH MEDAL OF THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI EXPOSITION

THE PHANTOM LINER

THE fog lay thick on Georges Bank,
Rolling deep fold on fold;
It dripped and dripped from the rigging dank,
And the day sank dark and cold.

The watch stood close by the reeling rail
And listened into the gloom;
Was there a sound save the slatting sail
And the creak of the swaying boom?

Out of the dark the great waves crept,
And shouldered darkly by,
Till over their tops a murmur crept
That was neither of sea nor sky.

"Is it the churn of a steamer's screw?"
"Is it a wind that sighs?"
A shiver ran through the listening crew,
We looked in each other's eyes.

No engines throbbed, no whistle boomed,
No foam curled from her prow,
But out of the mist a liner loomed
Ten fathom from our bow.

Ten fathom from our bow she grew,
No man might speak or stir,
As she leapt from the fog that softly drew
Like a shroud from over her.

We shut our teeth in grim despair,
Then, like one under a spell,
Right through her as she struck us fair
I saw the lift of a swell.

There was never a crash of splintered plank,
No rush of incoming tide,
There was never a tear in the mainsail dank
As her hull went through our side.

Unharm'd we drifted down the night,
On into the fog she drave,
And through her as she passed from sight
I saw the lift of a wave.

Was it some ship long lost at sea,
Whose wraith still sails the main,
Or the ghost of a wreck that is yet to be
In some wild hurricane?

Was it a warning to fishing boats
Of what the fog may hold,
As over their decks it drips and floats
And swathes in its clinging fold?

I cannot tell, I only know
Our crew of eighteen men
Saw the gray form come, and saw it go
Into the fog again.

WINTHROP PACKARD.

SYMPATHETIC CRITICISM

ONE may say, in a general way, that there always have been, and probably always will be, two kinds of critics—those who judge a work from the outside, according to fixed standards and in an absolute authoritative manner, and those who appraise it from the inside, according to its own principle of being, seeking to penetrate it, to comprehend it, to possess themselves of its point of view; or judicial critics, and what we may call sympathetic critics. Literature is indebted to both these methods; but in a scientific, democratic age like ours, the tendency seems towards the more sympathetic form. Goethe said that a loving interest in the person and the works of an author, amounting to a certain one-sided enthusiasm, alone led to reality in criticism; all else was vanity. No doubt more will come of the contact of two minds under these circumstances than from what is called the judicial attitude; there will be more complete fusion and interpenetration; without a certain warmth and passion there is no fruitfulness, even in criticism. In the field of art and literature, to be disinterested does not mean to be cold and judicial; it means to be free from bias, free from theories and systems, with mind open to receive a clear impression of the work's characteristic merits and qualities.

It is tradition that always stands in the way of the new man. In politics, it is the political tradition; in religion, the religious tradition, and in literature, the literary tradition. Professional criticism is the guardian of the literary tradition, and this is why any man who essays a new departure in literary art has reason to fear it or despise it, as the case may be.

It is when we take up any new work in the judicial spirit, bent upon judging and classifying, rather than upon enjoying and understanding, the conscious analytical intellect on duty and the sympathies and the intuitions under lock and key, that there is danger the judicial blindness will fall upon us. When we approach nature in the spirit of technical science, our minds already preoccupied with certain conclusions and systems, do we get as much of the joy and stimulus she holds for us as do the children on the way to school of a spring morning with their hands full of wild flowers, or as does the "gleesome saunterer over hills" in summer with only love and appreciation uppermost in his mind?

Professional criticism often becomes mere pedagogical narrowness and hardness; it gets crushed over with rules and precedents, pinched and sterilized by routine and convention, so that a new work makes no impression upon it. The literary tradition, like the religious tradition, ceases to be vital and formative.

Is it not true that all first-class works have to be approached with a certain humility and free giving of one's self? In a sense, "except ye become as little children" ye cannot enter the kingdom of the great books.

I suppose that to get at the true inwardness of any imaginative work, we must read it as far as

possible in its own spirit, and that if it does not engraft and increase its own spirit upon us, then it is feeble and may easily be brushed aside.

Criticism, which has for its object the discovery of new talent and in Sainte-Beuve's words to "apportion to each kind of greatness its due influence and superiority," is one thing; and criticism, the object of which is to uphold and enforce the literary tradition, is quite another. Consciously or unconsciously, when the trained reader opens a new book he is under the influence of one or the other of these notions—either he submits himself to it disinterestedly, intent only upon seizing and appreciating its characteristic quality, or he comes prepossessed with certain rules and standards upon which his taste has been formed. In other words, he comes to the new work simply as a man, a human being seeking edification, or he comes clothed in some professional authority, seeking judgment.

There is reason, therefore, in the contention of a Chicago college professor, that we should not bring to a poet like Whitman the same critical temper that we bring to Milton. Milton is founded upon the literary tradition; he planned his work after the classic models. Whitman brushed these aside, at least as to form, and found the tradition of his own land and hour sufficient. If we come to Shakespeare with the classic tradition in mind, where are we? Voltaire came to him in this temper, and he found him less a poet than Addison; he was a drunken savage. He read him through Racine and Corneille, and found him far less than either of these.

Our best reading is a search for the excellent; but what is the excellent? Is there any final standard of excellence in literature? Each may be excellent after its kind, but kinds differ. There is one excellence of Arnold and Milton and the classic school, and another excellence of Shakespeare and Wordsworth and Burns and Pope and Whitman, or of the romantic and democratic school. The critic is to hold a work up to its own ideal or standard. Of the perfect works, or the works that aim at perfection, at absolute symmetry and proportion, appealing to us through the cunning of their form, scheme, structure, details, ornamentation, etc., we make a different demand from the one we make of a primitive, unique, individual utterance, or expression of personality like *Leaves of Grass*, in which the end is not form, but life; not perfection, but suggestion; not intellect, but character; not beauty, but power; not carving, or sculpture, or architecture, but the building of a man.

It is no doubt a great loss to be compelled to read any work of literary art in a conscious critical mood, because the purely intellectual interest in such a work which criticism demands is far less satisfying than our aesthetic interest. The mood in which we enjoy a poem is analogous to that in which it was conceived. We have here the reason why the professional reviewer is so apt to miss the characteristic quality of the new book, and why the readers of great publishing houses make so many mistakes. They call into play a conscious mental force that is inimical to the emotional mood in

which the work had its rise; what was love in the poet becomes a pale intellectual reflection in the critic.

Love must come first, or there can be no true criticism; the intellectual process must follow and be begotten by an emotional process. Indeed, criticism is an afterthought; it is such an account as we can give of the experience we have had in private communion with the subject of it. The conscious analytical intellect takes up one by one, and examines the impression made upon our subconsciousness by the new poem or novel.

Where nothing has been sown, nothing can be reaped. The work that has yielded us no enjoyment will yield us no positive results in criticism. Dr. Louis Waldstein, in his suggestive work on the subconscious self, discovers that the critical or intellectual mood is foreign to art; that it destroys or decreases the spontaneity necessary to creation. This is why the critical and creative faculty so rarely go together, or why one seems to work against the other. Probably in all normal, well-balanced minds the appreciation of a work of the imagination is a matter of feeling and intuition long before it is a matter of intellectual cognizance. Not all minds can give a reason for the faith that is in them, and it is not important that they should; the main matter is the faith. Every great work of art will be found upon examination to have an ample ground of critical principles to rest upon, though in the artist's own mind not one of these principles may have been consciously defined.

Indeed, the artist who works from any theory is foredoomed to at least partial failure. And art that lends itself to any propaganda, or to any idea "outside its essential form, falls short of being a pure art creation."

The critical spirit is always a bar to the enjoyment or understanding of a poet, when it has hardened into fixed standards. One then has a poetical creed, as he has a political or religious creed, and this creed is likely to stand between him and the appreciation of a new poetic type. Macaulay thought Leigh Hunt was barred from appreciating his *Lays of Ancient Rome* by his poetical creed, which may have been the case. Jeffreys was no doubt barred from appreciating Wordsworth by his poetical creed. It was Byron's poetical creed that led him to rank Pope so highly. A critic who holds to one of the conflicting creeds about fiction, either that it should be realistic or romantic, will not do justice to the other type. If Tolstoi is his ideal, he will set little value on Scott; or if he exalts Hawthorne, he will depreciate Howells. What the disinterested observer demands is the best possible work of each after his kind. Or, if he is to compare and appraise the two kinds, then I think that without doubt that his conclusion will be that the realistic novel is the later, maturer growth, more in keeping with the modern demand for reality in all fields, and that the romantic belongs more to the world of childish things, which we are fast leaving behind us.

Our particular predilections in literature must, no doubt, be carefully watched. There is danger in personal absorption in an author—danger to our

intellectual freedom. One would not feel for a poet the absorbing and exclusive love that the lover feels for his mistress, because one would rather have the whole of literature for his domain. One would rather admire Rabelais with Sainte-Beuve, as a Homeric buffoon, than be a real "pantagruelist devotee," who finds a flavor even in "the dregs of Master François's cask" that he prefers to all others. The French have a name for this vice—engouement—the fondness of the toper for his tippie, the appetite of the gormand for a particular dish. Arnold thought Carlyle's criticism of Goethe savored too much of engouement, and that little of it would stand. No doubt some of us, goaded on by the opposite vice in readers and critics, have been guilty of the same intemperate enthusiasm toward Whitman and Browning. To make a cult of either of these authors, or of any other, is to shut one's self up in a part when the whole is open to him. The opposite vice, that of violent personal antipathy, is equally to be avoided in criticism. Probably Sainte-Beuve was guilty of this vice in his attitude toward Balzac; Scherer in his criticism of Béranger, and Lander in his dislike of Dante. One might also cite Emerson's distaste for Poe and Shelley, and Arnold's antipathy towards Victor Hugo's poetry. Likes and dislikes in literature that are temperamental, that are like the attraction or repulsion of bodies in different electrical conditions, are hard to be avoided, but the trained reader may hope to overcome them. Taste is personal, but the intellect is, or should be, impersonal, and to be able to guide the former by the light of the latter is the signal triumph of criticism.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

GODDESS OF LIBERTY, ANSWER

GODDESS of Liberty, listen! listen, I say, and look
To the sounds and sights of sorrow this side of
Sandy Hook!
Your eye is searching the distance, you are holding
your torch too high
To see the slaves who are fettered, though close at your feet
they lie.
And the cry of the suffering stranger has reached your ear and
your breast,
But you do not heed the wail that comes from the haunts of
your own oppressed.

Goddess of Liberty, follow, follow me where I lead;
Come down into the sweat-shops and look on the work of
greed!
Look on the faces of children, old before they were born!
Look on the haggard women, of all sex graces shorn!
Look on the men—God help us! if this is what it means
To be men in the land of freedom and live like mere machines!

Goddess of Liberty, answer! how can the slaves of Spain
Find freedom under your banner, while your own still wear
the chain?
Loud is the screech of your eagle and boastful the voice of
your drums,
But they do not silence the wail of despair that rises out of
your slums.
What will you do with your conquests, and how shall your
hosts be fed,
While your streets are filled with desperate throngs, crying
for work or bread?

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

A CHAPTER FROM ALICE IN WONDER-
LAND LATELY RECOVERED

“**N**OW I am asleep again,” thought Alice, and directly she found herself in a long room with two Greek tables in it and a fireplace. A large fiddler-crab was sitting on a high bench with several of his legs dangling in the air, and a large hippopotamus was taking red balls out of a sort of rack. Two very queer people were playing some kind of game at one of the tables, and, as it looked very interesting, Alice drew near to see what they were playing.

“Will the conversation go?” asked one of the two people. He looked more like a black tortoise than anything else.

“Why should it?” said the other person, who was unlike anything Alice had ever seen. “Why should it? It’s pointed perfectly straight at the pocket.”

“What’s the pocket?” Alice ventured to ask of the hippopotamus.

“Do you know what a pocket is?” said he.

“Of course I do,” said Alice.

“Well?” sneered the hippopotamus, as if what he had said was perfectly convincing.

“But I do n’t see what that has to do with a pocket,” said poor Alice, who was much confused.

“It has nothing to do with it,” said the H. “It’s the most different thing I can think of. And when you know what the most different thing is, then you ought to know what the most indifferent thing is.”

“But I’m afraid I do n’t know,” said Alice.

“It’s a fool,” said the hippo, in a loud whisper to the black tortoise. “I thought so, and now I know it.” And then to Alice: “Child, if I say ‘the horse stops’ you know what I mean; then suppose I say ‘the horse unstops’——?”

Alice still looked perplexed.

“Now you know what a pocket is,” said the H., triumphantly. And then he shouted, “Pool!” so loudly that Alice was almost frightened to death.

The word “pool” seemed to have a fearful effect on the black tortoise. He screamed loudly for some moments, and then said in a high, flute-like voice:

“I knew the conversation would go, but he said it would n’t, and so I played it and it did n’t.”

Alice felt sorry for the poor tortoise, who was weeping bitterly, but as she did not know what to say she simply held out her hand, which the tortoise took solemnly.

“I do n’t like your hair, little girl,” said he. “There’s not enough of it. I am now going to tell you how you can have more. You know that hair grows at one end. Well, first you make it grow at both ends until you have a number of arches like croquet wickets, and then you cut the arches in two, and then you have exactly twice as much hair as you had before.”

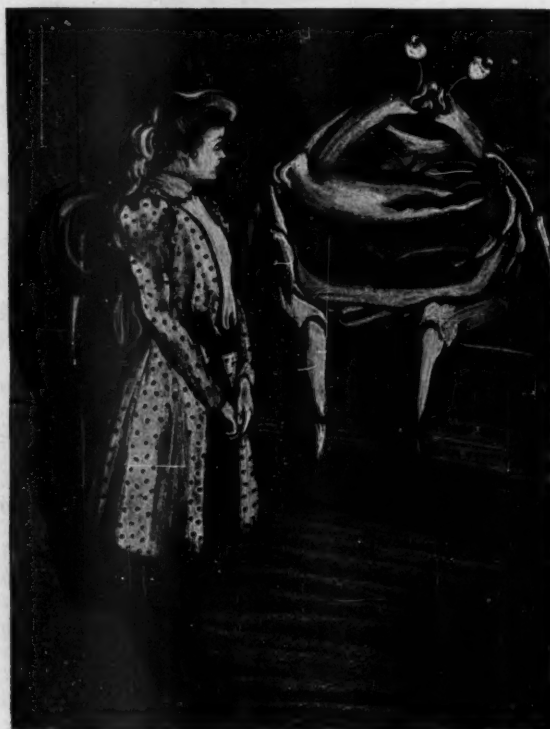
“But how do you make it grow at both ends?” asked Alice.

The black tortoise looked a little foolish at this, but presently, with a bustling air, he drew a large compass out of his pocket, which he regarded intently.

“Heavens!” he shouted; “the needle is pointing due north, and I have a most important engagement at east. Good-bye.”

Alice was left standing alone in the middle of the room.

“Are you coming in?” said the hippopotamus, and Alice knew by the general silence that the question was directed at her.



"In what?" she asked.

"In the shut game?" said the H.

"I do n't think I know what that is," said Alice.

"All right, do n't think," said the person who had been playing with the black tortoise. "It's just the opposite from an open game."

"I do n't know the difference," said Alice.

"A shut game," said the H., kindly, "is a game you only play when you're asked, and an open game is one you do n't play at all. I can see that you do n't know. What do you think, horse-hare, shall we ask her into the shut game?"

"Oh," thought Alice, "he's a horse-hare. He does look something like a horse, and something like a rabbit."

"Perhaps she'd rather hear the story of my life," said the horse-hare.

"Ask her," said the H.

"I have," said the H. H.

"I should like it very much," said Alice.

"Then get the fiddler-crab to tell you his," said the H. H. "It would be exactly the same as mine if it was n't different."

The fiddler-crab did not wait for an invitation, but crossing three of his legs, began at once:

"I am an ancient cellist,
Observe my slender hand,
T' others buried by the Nile,
Beneath the yellow sand;
And that is why I cannot play
The cello in the band.

"She was an Egypt woman,
I loved her as my life;
He was the court musician,
And fluted on the fife.
He loved her as I loved her;
She swore she'd be my wife.

"The Nile is clothed in rushes
As pretty as can be;
She said she'd meet me there,
And run away with me.
He dressed to represent her,
And swore that he was she.

"The Nile is clothed in rushes,
The night was dark and grand,
When I thought we'd get away
I found I'd lost a hand.
And that is why I've ceased to play
The cello in the band."

"That's a very sad story," said Alice.

"Not as sad as it would be if it was sadder," said the horse-hare. "Quick, hold the hippopotamus; he's going to sing two notes at once."

The H. was growing black in the face with the effort.

"Sometimes I really can," he said, "and sometimes I can't, and then I do n't."

"Try again," said Alice, who took singing lessons herself, and had never heard any one do two notes at once.

The H. gave a loud roar.

"There," said he; "I knew I could."

"I only heard a single note," said Alice.

"Did you hear one or the other?" asked the H., eagerly.

"I heard one," said Alice.

"Then, as there were only two, the other must have been one, too."

"Why not seven, eight?" said the F. C.

The H. paid no attention, but continued:

"Then as there were two, and you heard one, the other was one, and so you heard both."

"Look out, child!" said the F. C. "The parrot's got you by the hair."

And sure enough Alice felt something tugging away from behind, but she could not turn round to see what it was.

"Will you please undo it for me?" she asked of the H.

"I could n't undo it three you, could I?" said he.

"Let go, parrot," said the F. C. "It's a little girl, and she wants to go in swimming."

"What! in this wind?" screamed the parrot.

"No, in the bay," said the F. C.

"I'm going to sing her a song first," screeched the parrot.

"It'll have to be a one stanza song, then," said the hippopotamus. "It's time to close, and, of course, the little girl wants her bath."

"I do n't want a bath, though," said Alice.

"You'd rather have a bath than a shave, would n't you?" said a little voice from near the fireplace.

"It's only the poodle," said the hippopotamus.

"I have n't heard any one express a desire to hear the song which I am about to sing," said the parrot, "and which is very beautiful. Give me the brass key."

The F. C. brought a huge brass key from under the bench, and the parrot, holding it in her beak for a few seconds, dropped it, and at once began:

"Would you know him if you saw him?
Would you call him by his name?
Would you say that you had met him?
And the answer is the same."

"Lights out!" shouted the hippopotamus, and



before Alice knew what had happened she found herself on a float surrounded by water. On one corner of the float a white bull-terrier was playing with a stick.

"Yes, my name's Pig," said the bull-terrier. "How did you guess it?"

"I did n't guess it," protested Alice.

"No, but you would of if you could of," said the bull-terrier. "Have you seen anything of the lost hypogriphs?"

"No," said Alice; "who are they?"

"Why do you say no, when you do n't know who they are? They ran away, and the ugg ate them. It's history now."

"But how could I have seen them if the ugg ate them?" said Alice.

"How could he have eaten them if he had n't seen them?" said the B. T., convincingly.

"He might have been blind," said Alice.

"So he was," said the B. T.; "just as blind as a shutter. But only in three eyes."

"How many did he have?" asked Alice.

"Eight," said the B. T., sorrowfully. "Do you want to hear the poem?"

"What poem?" asked Alice.

"The poem about the hypogriphs which I am about to sing," said the B. T.; "and if you meet any H.'s you can repeat it to them. It's a warning, you know. And if you do n't meet any H.'s you can repeat it to any one you do meet; and if you do n't meet any one you can repeat it to yourself until you know it by heart. The poem may be sung as follows; it is going to be sung as I am about to sing it:

"Two hypogriphs a-walking went
Along the sandy way
Which borders on the sandy beach,
Which borders on the bay;
And very heavily they walked,
For very fat were they.

"O Willie!" said the elder one
Unto his little brother,
'I wish you would n't walk so fast,
It's such an awful bother.'
The little one said, with a wail,
'Oh, take me to my mother.'

"Oh, take me to my mother now,
The little one did cry;
'Oh, take me back to mother now,
Or I shall surely die.'
The elder said that he could not,
But promised him some pie.

"And when the evening fell apace,
They could no further creep;
And so they laid them by a rock
And did their best to weep.
They wept, and wept, and wept, and wept,
And then they fell asleep.

"And as they slept beneath the rock
A hungry ugg chanced near.
'Wake! wake! O hypogriphs!' he roared;
They could not choose but hear.
He drew a knife from out its sheath—
He drew it with a sneer.

"Kind Mister Ugg," the elder said,
'You'd better try my brother,
For he is fatter far than I,
And I'm sure I am tougher.'
The little one said with a wail,
'Oh, take me to my mother!'



"Be quiet now," the great ugg said;
'Your sniffing stop, I beg;
I should prefer thick buttered toast
Served under scrambled egg.
But as I cannot get it here,
I think I'll try a leg.'

"He'd drawn his knife from out its sheath
He'd drawn it quite a while;
He cut them into pieces small,
He laid them in a pile;
He roasted them most skillfully,
He did it with a smile.

"He ate as much as he could eat,
They made enough for four;
He ate till he could no more eat,
Because there was no more.
And then he turned and left their bones
To ornament the shore.

"Now, hypogriphs, a warning take,
And never heed a brother;
If elder brother goes one way
You'd better go the other.
For he would lead you far astray,
And then where is your mother?"

The white bull-terrier stopped his song and looked anxiously at Alice.

"Heavens!" he cried; "it's time you were washed."

And before Alice knew what had happened the white bull-terrier had pushed her into the water, and she sank down—down—down.

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS.

A PLEA FOR NONSENSE

WHILE Mr. Kipling is not tender to the American Spirit of his verse, he allows that his heart

Leaps like a babe's at little things.

There are little things that are great, like Mr. Belloc's and Lord Basil Blackwood's *Bad Child's Book of Beasts*. Why is it that pure nonsense is, as a rule, enjoyed so much more by "grown-ups" than by the children for whom it is written? Does any child enjoy the immortal Alice so much as you and I? Are not its stores of wit and wisdom more a commentary on our life than the child's? The weary statesman may find in the March Hare's plea, "It was the best butter," the typical excuse of illogical humanity; while the child only recognizes, vaguely and dully, that here is something akin to his own confusion of mind.

This world as topsy-turvy as his own dreams, where beasts discourse as they should, and where he finds constantly echoed his own tendency to distinguish things by sound rather than sense—all this is part and parcel of the child's imagination; it strikes him as natural and life-like, rather than as strange and amusing. The connection of things by the sound of them, a fundamental canon of nonsense, is the child's daily stumbling-block, too much a piece of life to be funny. He will laugh unrestrainedly at the galloping irrelevancy of Edward Lear's jingles, but here is a beast of another color. The geographical confusion catches him. "The old lady from Prague" and "the young woman of Smyrna" give touches of color and enlivenment to those places, which heretofore have represented nothing to him but arbitrary mental effort.

The ideas thus caught, twisted and comical as they are, will last well into youth. The writer was a big girl, big enough to be "kept in" for employing arithmetic hours in the perpetration and offense of a novel, before she was disabused of the notion that "mizz" was the correct word for chaos. Hearing Sunday after Sunday that "the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is," the sound had come to have a meaning, vast, incoherent, impressive, which it has never lost.

A strange part of it all is, that though we love and seek this art of nonsense, we so rarely recognize it. One is tempted to assert that if Alice in Wonderland had been published without the introduction and illustrations, there would have been a mighty to-do about the book. The number of serious people who would have refused to credit Mr. Carroll with pure love of art, but would have delved for satire and struggled for "problems," is past computation.

What happened yesterday in the art world? A very young gentleman of talent made some pen-and-ink drawings, and had the whim to finish the bodies of his figures in curleyqueues instead of legs, and to introduce little grotesques on the margins. To these he added quotations taken at random from the literature of France, and scattered the result liberally over London. Did the world applaud a newly-risen Lewis Carroll of the brush? By no means! It set to work to discover meanings and improprieties. A number of idle persons made involved remarks; we had periodicals of an afflicting mediocrity; and Glasgow decorators, and Mr. Grant Allen, and Madame Sarah Grand. This "universal hubbub wild, of stunning sounds and voices all confused," went on until the originator himself was affected by it; and then he and his friends (we have said they were very young gentlemen) deserted the banner of nonsense under which they had been so successful, and, as might have been expected, rushed furiously down the slope, and so perished. Discarded nonsense has a way of avenging herself, both swift and complete.

Surely it is time that the nonsense-makers of this age should cease to hide their light under a bushel, but should come forth and be understood of the people. Is it so small a thing to add to the gayety of nations? For my part, my debt of gratitude to Mr. Belloc and his collaborator is large and per-

sonal; and I believe that their noble example should be followed. It is time that we cease to look for mere vulgar coherence in the works of M. Maeterlinck, and grant without cavil that he stands on the pinnacle of this difficult art. It is time we cease to attach elusive satire to the epistolary communications with which Mr. Whistler enlivened the British press. When Mr. Walter Sickert places a simple pair of legs upon the upper half of his canvas, and proclaims the result a portrait of the artist, let us not grow indignant, but in Mr. Belloc's words, "Oh, let us never, never doubt, what nobody is sure about!"

Why should Mr. Huysmans and Mr. Alfred Austin disdain the fellowship of M. Belloc and Gelett Burgess? Do we not hold each of them dear in his degree? We love the perverse and the intricate, the irrelevant and the startling, the consciously humorous and the unhumorously conscious; must we be always making an excuse to enjoy ourselves, and go to the pantomime only to take the children?

Rather let us pat the younglings on the shoulder and cry to them, "You have chosen a wide pathway, and few there are who have not once in their lives passed along it. Here the ancients walked, and in latter days the immortal Thackeray did not disdain to linger. Proceed boldly, paint, write, sing—be young, be wicked, be happy, be irrelevant! Go not under false colors, neither take thyself seriously, for a man is known by the nonsense that he speaks. Beware how thou denouncest thy brother in literature, for who art thou, that thy nonsense is better than thy brother's nonsense? For it is a little age."

The most profound, as well as the most touching of Mr. Belloc's lyrics, will serve in this place better than my words as a peroration:

The Big Baboon is seen upon
The plains of Cariboo,
He goes about with nothing on,
(A shocking thing to do!)
But if he dressed respectably,
And let his whiskers grow,
How like this Big Baboon would be
To Mr. So-and-So!

Here is a depth I may not follow; let me not mar it by my weak praise. Only by way of postscript it might be well to remark that this paper is a very feeble specimen of the art it claims to follow. Better are found in the magazines every month.

ANNA ROBESON BROWN.

RYE

LIKE a fairy maelström
Runs the field of rye,
Crests of light green waver,
Greener hollows fly.

Like a maze of shadows,
Cloudless though the sky,
Interweave the eddies
In the surge of rye.

Blithe Æolus ever
Hid from mortal eye,
Cannot hide his footprints,
Dancing in the rye.

WILBUR LARREMORE.

REVISIONS

II. EDGAR ALLAN POE

POE is a better poet in his prose than in his poetry. A reader of Poe's poetry, if he be quick to take umbrage at artificiality and prone to cavil, feels, after a dozen poems, like attempting an inventory of Poe's literary workshop—the material Poe uses is so uniform and the objects he fashions are so few and inevitable. The inventory might run somewhat as follows: One plaster bust of Pallas slightly soiled; item, one many-wintered Raven croaking Nevermore; item, a parcel of decorative names—Auber, Yaa-nek, Zante, Israfil; item, a few robes of sorrow, a somewhat frayed funeral pall, and a coil of Conqueror Worms; item, one beautiful lay figure whom the angels name indifferently Lenore, Ulalume and Annabel Lee. Masterly as is Poe's use of this poetical outfit, subtle as are his cadences and his sequences of tone-color, it is only rarely that he makes us forget the cleverness of his manipulation and imposes upon us the suggestive characteristic of true poetry.

In the best of his visionary Tales, on the other hand, Poe is much more apt to have his way with us. He works with a far greater variety of appliances, which it is by no means easy to number and call by name; the effects he aims at are manifold and not readily noted and classified; and the details that his imagination elaborates come upon us with a tropical richness and apparent confusion that mimic well the splendid lawlessness and undesignedness of Nature. Moreover, even if the artifice in these tales were more palpable than it is, it would be less offensive than in poetry, inasmuch as the standard of sincerity is in such performances confessedly less exacting. The likeness in aim and in effect between the tales and the poems, however, cannot be missed—between such tales as *Ligeia* and *Eleonora* and such poems as *The Raven* and *Ulalume*. Mr. Leslie Stephen has somewhere spoken of De Quincey's impassioned prose as aiming to secure in unmeasured speech very many of the same effects that Keats's Odes produce in authentic verse. This holds true also of the best of Poe's romances; they are really prose-poems. And, indeed, Poe has himself recognized in his essay on Hawthorne the close kinship between tale and poem, assigning to the poem subjects in the treatment of which the creation of beauty is the ruling motive, and leaving to the prose tale the creation of all other single effects, such as honor, humor and terror. Both poem and tale must be brief, absolutely unified, and must create a single overwhelming mood.

The world that Poe's genuinely fantastic tales take us into has the burnish, the glow, the visionary radiance of the world of romantic poetry; it is as luxuriantly unreal, too, as phantasmagoric—though it lacks the palpitating, buoyant loveliness of the nature that such poets as Shelley reveal, and is somewhat enameled or metallic in its finish. Its glow and burnish come largely from the concreteness of Poe's imagination, from his inveter-

ate fondness for sensations, for color, for light, for luxuriant vividness of detail. Poe had the tingling senses of the genuine poet, senses that vibrated like delicate silver wire to every impact. He was an amateur of sensations and loved to lose himself in the O Altitude of a perfume or a musical note. He pored over his sensations and refined upon them, and felt to the core of his heart the peculiar thrill that darted from each. He had seventy times seven colors in his emotional rainbow, and was swift to fancy the evanescent hue of feeling that might spring from every sight or sound—from the brazen note, for example, of the clock in the *Masque of the Red Death*, from "the slender stems" of the ebony and silver trees in *Eleonora*, or from the "large and luminous orbs" of *Ligeia*'s eyes. Out of the vast mass of these vivid sensations—"passion-winged ministers of thought"—Poe shaped and fashioned the world in which his romances confine us, a world that is, therefore, scintillating and burnished and vibrant, quite unlike the world in Hawthorne's tales, which is woven out of dusk and moonlight.

Yet, curiously enough, this intense brilliancy of surface does not tend to exorcise mystery, strangeness, terror from Poe's world, or to transfer his stories into the region of every-day fact. Poe is a conjurer who does not need to have the lights turned down. The effects that he is most prone to aim at are, of course, the shivers of awe, crispings of the nerves, shuddering thrills that come from a sudden, overwhelming sense of something uncanny, abnormal, ghastly, lurking in the heart of life. And these nervous perturbations are even more powerfully exciting by those of his stories that, like *Eleonora* and *Ligeia*, have a lustrous finish, than by sketches that, like *Shadow and Silence*, deal with twilight-lands and half-visualized regions. In the *Masque of the Red Death*, in *The Fall of the House of Usher*, and in *The Descent into the Maelström*, the details of incident and background flash themselves on our imaginations with almost painful distinctness.

The terror in Poe's tales is not the terror of the child that cannot see in the dark, but the terror of diseased nerves and morbid imaginations, that see with dreadful visionary vividness and feel a mortal pang. Poe is a past master of the moods of diseased mental life, and in the interests of some one or other of these semi-hysterical moods many of his most uncannily prevailing romances are written. They are prose-poems that realize for us such half-frenzied glimpses of the world as madmen have; and suggest in us for the moment the breathless, haggard mood of the victim of hallucinations.

It must not, however, be forgotten that Poe wrote tales of ratiocination as well as romances of death. In his ability to turn out with equal skill stories bordering on madness and stories where intellectual analysis, shrewd induction, reasoning upon evidence, all the processes of typically sane mental life, are carried to the utmost pitch of precision and effectiveness, lies one of the apparent anomalies of Poe's genius and art. In the *Murders in the Rue Morgue*, *The Mystery of Marie Rogêt*, and *The Purloined Letter*, Poe seems sanity

incarnate, pure mental energy untouched by moods or passions, weaving and unweaving syllogisms and tracking out acutely the subtlest play of thought. What in these stories has become of Poe the fancy-monger, the mimic maniac, the specialist in moodiness and abnormality?

After all, the difficulty here suggested is only superficial and yields speedily to a little careful analysis. We have not really to deal with a puzzling case of double personality, with an author who at his pleasure plays at being Dr. Jekyll or Mr. Hyde. In all Poe's stories the same personality is at work, the same methods are followed, and the material used, though at first sight it may seem in the two classes of tales widely diverse, will also turn out to be quite the same, at any rate in its artificiality, in its remoteness from real complex human nature, and in its origin in the mind of the author. Certain directions that in an essay on Hawthorne Poe has given to would-be-writers of tales are delightfully serviceable to the anxious unraveler of the apparent contradictions in Poe's personality.

To him who would fashion a successful short story, Poe prescribes as follows: He must first of all pick out an effect—it may be of horror, it may be of humor, it may be of terror—which his short story is to aim to produce, to impose vibrantly on the temperament of its readers. This effect is to give the law to the whole of the short story, to regulate its every detail, both of incident and character, its background of nature or town, its texture of sensations, its imagery, phrasing, wording, tone, even the cadences of its sentences. The very first sentence must in some divining fashion prepare for this effect, and every bit of material that is used must help in the preparation, must be premonitory, must whet curiosity, must set the nerves nicely a-tremble, must make the reader more and more ready to fall a prey to the final catastrophe. In short, the tale, as Poe conceives it, is a marvelously ingenious set of devices for so tuning a sensitive temperament and giving it intensity of timbre that at just the right moment a special chord of music may be struck upon it with overwhelming power and richness of overtone and resonance. This formula applies alike to Poe's romances of death and to his tales of ratiocination, and one of the first suggestions it carries with it has to do with the artificiality of the material that Poe uses in all his fiction. Whether the effect that Poe aims at is a shiver of surprise at the sudden ingenious resolution of a riddle, or a shudder of horror at the collapse of a haunted house, his methods of work are substantially the same, and the stuff from which he weaves his tale is equally unreal and remote from what ordinary life has to offer; it is all the product of an infinitely inventive intellect that devises and plans and adroitly arranges with an unflinching purpose to attain an effect. The better poetry, the more feigning; and Poe is an excellent poet in these prose-poems. He can invent with endless ingenuity and plausibility, play-passions, play-moods, play-sensations, play-ideas, and play-complications of incident. He is an adept in fitting these mock-images of life deftly together, in subtly

arranging these simulacra of real feeling and real thought so that they shall have complete congruity, shall have the glamor and the momentary plausibility of truth, and shall rally together at the right moment in a perfect acclaim of music. But whether the tale deal professedly with abnormal life or with rational life, its seeminess and beauty and persuasive power come simply from Poe's immense cleverness as a constructive artist, as a technician, from his ability to play tunes on temperaments, not from his honest command of human life and character. In all that he does Poe is emotionally shallow but artistically, like Joey Bagstock, "devilish sly."

The shallowness of Poe's treatment of life and character is almost too obvious to need illustration. Not only does he disdain, as Hawthorne disdains, to treat any individual character with minute realistic detail, but he does not even portray typical characters in their large outlines, with a view to opening before us the permanent springs of human action or putting convincingly before us the radical elements of human nature. The actors in his stories are all one-idea'd creatures, monomaniac victims of passion, or grief, or of some perverse instinct, or of an insane desire to guess riddles. They are magniloquent poseurs, who dine off their hearts in public, or else morbidly ingenious intellects for the solving of complicated problems. The worthy Nietzsche declares somewhere that the actors in Wagner's music-dramas are always just a dozen steps from the mad-house. We may say the same thing of Poe's characters, with the exception of those that are merely Babbage calculating machines. Complex human characters, characters that are approximately true to the whole range of human motive and interest, Poe never gives us. He conceives of characters merely as means for securing his artificial effects on the nerves of his readers.

The world, too, into which Poe takes us,urnished as it is, vividly visualized as it is, is a counterfeit world, magnificently false like his characters. Sometimes it is a phantasmagoric world, full of romantic detail and sensuous splendor. Its bright meadows are luxuriant with asphodels, hyacinths and acanthuses, are watered with limpid rivers of silence that lose themselves shimmeringly in blue Da Vinci distances, are lighted by triple-tinted suns, and are finally shut in by the "golden walls of the universe." When not an exotic region of this sort, Poe's world is apt to be a dextrously contrived toy-universe, full of trap-doors, unexpected passages, and clever mechanical devices of all sorts, fit to help the conjurer in securing his effects. Elaborately artificial in some fashion or other, Poe's world is sure to be, designed with nice malice to control the reader's imagination and put it at Poe's mercy. In short, in all that he does, in the material that he uses, in the characters that he conjures up to carry on the action of his stories, in his methods of weaving together incident and description and situation and action, Poe is radically artificial, a calculator of effects, a reckless scorner of fact and of truth.

And, indeed, it is just this successful artificiality

that for many very modern temperaments constitutes Poe's special charm; he is thoroughly irresponsible; he whistles the commonplace down the wind and forgets everything but his dream, its harmony, its strenuous flight, its splendor and power. The devotees of art for art's sake have now for many years kept up a tradition of unstinted admiration for Poe. This has been especially true in France, where, indeed, men of all schools have joined in doing him honor. Barbey d'Aurevilly wrote an eulogistic essay on him as early as 1853, an essay to which he has since from time to time made various additions, the last in 1883. Baudelaire translated Poe's tales in several instalments between 1856 and 1865. Emile Hennequin published, a few years ago, an elaborate study and life of Poe; and Stéphane Mallarmé has of late conferred a new and perhaps somewhat dubious immortality upon the Raven, through a translation into very symbolistic prose. In truth, Poe was a decadent before the days of decadence, and he has the distinction of having been one of the earliest defiant practitioners of art for art's sake. In his essay on the Poetic Principle, he expressly declares that a poem should be written solely "for the poem's sake,"—a phrase which almost anticipates the famous formula of modern aestheticism. The drift of this essay, Poe's opinions elsewhere recorded, and his practice as a storyteller, all agree in implying or urging that art is its own justification, that the sole aim of art is the creation of beauty, and that art and actual life need have nothing to do with one another. To be sure, Poe's comments on every-day life have not acquired quite the exquisite contempt and the epigrammatic finish characteristic of modern decadence; yet the root of the matter was in Poe—witness a letter in which he boasts of his insensibility to the charms of "temporal life," and of being "profoundly excited" solely "by music and by some poems."

Poe and his heroes curiously anticipate, in many respects, the morbid dreamers whom French novelists of the decadent school have of recent years repeatedly studied, and of whom Huysmans's *des Esseintes* may be taken as a type. The hero in the *Fall of the House of Usher*, with his "cadaverousness of complexion," his "eye large, liquid and luminous beyond comparison," his "habitual trepidancy," his "hollow-sounding enunciation," "his morbid acuteness of the senses," and his suffering when exposed to the odors of certain flowers and to all sounds save those of a few stringed instruments, might be a preliminary study for Huysmans's memorable *des Esseintes*. Usher has not *des Esseintes*'s sophistication and self-consciousness; he suffers dumbly, and has not *des Esseintes*'s consolation in knowing himself a "special soul," supersensitive and delicate beyond the trite experience of nerves and senses prescribed by practical life. He does not carry on his morbid experimentations debonairly as does *des Esseintes*, and he takes his diseases too seriously. But he nevertheless anticipates *des Esseintes* astonishingly in looks, in nerves, in physique, and even in tricks of manner. Poe's heroes, too, are forerunners of

modern decadents in their refinings upon sensation, in their fusion of the senses, and in their submergence in moods. As Herr Nordau says of the Symbolists, they have eyes in their ears; they see sounds; they smell colors. One of them hears rays of light that fall upon his retina. They are all extraordinarily alive to the "unconsidered trifles" of sensation. The man in the Pit and the Pendulum smells the odor of the sharp steel blade that swings past him. They detect with morbid delicacy of perception shades of feeling that give likeness to the most apparently diverse sensations. The lover in *Ligeia* feels in his "intense scrutiny of Ligeia's eyes" the same sentiment that at other times overmasters him "in the survey of a rapidly-growing vine, in the contemplation of a moth, a butterfly . . . in the falling of a meteor . . . in the glances of unusually aged people," . . . and when listening to "certain sounds from stringed instruments." Moods become absorbing and monopolizing in the lives of these vibrating temperaments. "Men have called me mad," the lover in *Eleonora* ingratiatingly assures us; "but the question is not yet settled whether madness is or is not the loftiest intelligence; whether much that is glorious, whether all that is profound, does not spring from disease of thought—from moods of mind exalted at the expense of the general intellect." Finally, Poe's heroes anticipate the heroes of modern decadence in feeling the delicate artistic challenge of sin and of evil: they hardly reach the audacities of French Diabolism and Sadism; but at least they have the whim of doing or fancying moral evil that aesthetic good may come.

All these characteristics of Poe's work may be summed up by saying that his heroes are apt to be neuropaths or degenerates. And doubtless Poe himself was a degenerate, if one cares to use the somewhat outworn idiom of the evangelist of the Philistines. He had the ego-mania of the degenerate, a fact which shows itself strikingly in his art through his preoccupation with death. In his poetry and prose alike the fear of death as numbing the precious core of personality is an obsession with him, and such subjects as premature burial, metempsychosis, revivification after death, the sensations that may go with the change from mortality to immortality (see the *Colloquy of Monos and Una*), had an irresistible fascination for him. Moreover, throughout Poe's art there are signs of ego-mania in the almost entire lack of the social sympathies. Where in Poe's stories do we find portrayed the sweet and tender relationships and affections that make human life endurable? Where are friendship and frank comradeship and the love of brothers and sisters and of parents and children? Where are the somewhat trite but after all so necessary virtues of loyalty, patriotism, courage, pity, charity, self-sacrifice? Such old-fashioned qualities and capacities, the stuff out of which what is worth while in human nature has heretofore been wrought, are curiously unrecognized and unportrayed in Poe's fiction. They seem to have had no artistic meaning for him—these so obvious and commonplace elements in man and life. Per-

haps they simply seemed to him not the stuff that dreams are made of.

When all is said, there is something a bit inhuman in Poe, which, while at times it may give a special tinge to our pleasure in his art, occasionally vitiates or destroys that pleasure. His taste is not immaculate; he will go any length in search of a shudder. Sometimes he is fairly repulsive because of his callous recital of loathsome physical details, for example in his description of the decimated Brigadier-General, the Man Who Was Used Up. In *King Pest*, *The Premature Burial*, and *M. Valdemar*, there is this same almost vulgar insensibility in the presence of the unclean and disgusting. At times, this callousness leads to artistic mischance and causes a shudder of laughter where Poe wants a shiver of awe. Surely this is apt to be the case in *Berenice*, the story where the hero is fascinated by the beautiful teeth of the heroine, turns amateur dentist after her death, and in a frenzy of professional enthusiasms breaks open her coffin, and extracts her incisors, bicusps and molars, thirty-two altogether; the set was complete.

When this inhumanity of Poe's does not lead to actual repulsiveness or to unintentional grotesqueness, it is nevertheless responsible for a certain aridity and intellectual cruelty that in the last analysis will be found pervading pretty much all he has written. This is what Barbey d'Aureville has in mind when he speaks of Poe's *sécheresse*, the terrible dryness of his art. And looking at the matter wholly apart from the question of ethics, this dryness is a most serious defect in Poe's work as an artist. His stories and characters have none of the buoyancy, the tender, elastic variableness and the grace of living things; they are hard in finish, harsh in surface, mechanically inevitable in their working out. They seem calculated, the result of ingenious calculation, not because of the reader's objecting to any particular detail as improbable or artificial; he is ready enough to grant Poe his postulates and his distance from life; but because of the all-pervading lack of deeply human imagination and interest, because of that shallowness in Poe's hold upon life that has already been noted. The stories and the characters seem the work of pure intellect, of intellect divorced from heart, and for that very reason they do not wholly satisfy, when judged by the most exacting artistic standards. They seem the product of some ingenious mechanism for the manufacture of fiction, of some surpassing rival of Maelzel's chess-playing automaton. This faultily faultless accuracy and precision of movement is perhaps in part the penalty Poe has to submit to because of his devotion to art for art's sake. He is too much engrossed in treatment and manipulation; his dexterity of execution perhaps presupposes, at any rate goes along with, an almost exclusive interest in technical problems and in "effects," to the neglect of what is vital and human in the material he uses.

Closely akin to this dryness of treatment is a certain insincerity of tone or flourish of manner, that often interferes with our enjoyment of Poe. We become suddenly aware of the gleaming eye and complacent smile of the concealed manipulator in

the writing-automaton. The author is too plainly lying in wait for us; or it may be he is too ostentatiously exhibiting his cleverness and resource, his command of the tricks of the game. One of the worst things that can be said of Poe from this point of view is that he contains the promise and potency of Mr. Robert Hichens, and of other cheap English decadents. Poe himself is never quite a mere acrobat; but he suggests the possible coming of the acrobat, the clever tumbler with the ingenious grimace and the palm itching for coppers.

The same perfect mastery of technique that is characteristic of Poe's treatment of material is noticeable in his literary style. When one stops to consider it, Poe's style, particularly in his romances, is highly artificial, an exquisitely fabricated medium. Poe is fond of inversions and involutions in his sentence-structure, and of calculated rhythms that either throw into relief certain picturesque words, or symbolize in some reverberant fashion the mood of the moment. He seems to have felt very keenly the beauty of De Quincey's intricate and sophisticated cadences, and more than once he actually echoes some of the most noteworthy of them in his own distribution of accents. Special instances of this might be pointed out in *Eleonora* and in *The Premature Burial*. Poe's fondness for artificial musical effects is also seen in his emphatic reiteration of specially picturesque phrases, a trick of manner that every one associates with his poetry, and that is more than once found in his prose writings. "And, all at once, the moon arose through the thin ghastly mist, and was crimson in color. And mine eyes fell upon a huge gray rock which stood by the shore of the river, and was lighted by the light of the moon. And the rock was gray, and ghastly, and tall—and the rock was gray." Echolalia, Herr Nordau would probably call this trick in Poe's verse and prose, and he would regard it as an incontestable proof of Poe's degeneracy. Nevertheless, the beauty of the effects to which this mannerism leads in Poe's more artificial narratives is very marked.

In Poe's critical essays his style takes on an altogether different tone and movement, and becomes analytical, rapid, incisive, almost acrid in its severity and intellectuality. The ornateness and the beauty of cadence and color that are characteristic of his decorative prose disappear entirely. Significantly enough, Macaulay was his favorite literary critic. "The style and general conduct of Macaulay's critical papers," Poe assures his readers, "could scarcely be improved." A strange article of faith to find in the literary creed of a dreamer, an amateur of moods, an artistic epicure. Yet that Poe was sincere in this opinion is proved by the characteristics of his own literary essays. He emulates Macaulay in his briskness, in the downrightness of his assertions, in his challengingly demonstrative tone, and in his unsensitiveness to the artistic shade. Of course, he is far inferior to Macaulay in knowledge and in thoroughness of literary training, while he surpasses him in acuteness of analysis and in insight into technical problems.

Poe's admiration for Macaulay and his emulation of him in his critical writings are merely further illustrations of the peculiar intellectual aridity that has already been noted as characteristic of him. Demonic intellectual ingenuity is almost the last word for Poe's genius so far as regards his real personality, the quintessential vital energy of the man. His intellect was real; everything else about him was exquisite feigning. His passion, his human sympathy, his love of nature, all the emotions that go into his fiction, have a counterfeit unreality about them. Not that they are actually hypocritical, but that they seem unsubstantial, mimetic, not the expression of a genuine nature. There was something of the cherub in Poe, and he had to extract his feelings from his head. Much of the time, a reader of Poe is cajoled into a delighted forgetfulness of all this unreality, Poe is so adroit a manipulator, such a master of technique. He adapts with unerring tact his manner to his matter, and puts upon us the perfect spell of art. Moreover, even when a reader forces himself to take notice of Poe's artificiality, he may, if he be in the right temper, gain only an added delight, the sort of delight that comes from watching the exquisitely sure play of a painter's firm hand, adapting its action consciously to all the difficulties of its subject. Poe's precocious artistic sophistication is one of his rarest charms for the appreciative amateur. But if a reader be exorbitant and relentless and ask from Poe something more than intellectual resource and technical dexterity, he is pretty sure to be disappointed; Poe has little else to offer him. Doubtless it is Philistinist to ask for this something more; but people have always asked for it in the past, and seem likely to go on asking for it, even despite the fact that Herr Max Nordau has almost succeeded in reducing the request to an absurdity.

LEWIS E. GATES.

LIGHTS OUT

HOW often in our little boat
On summer evenings we would float;
Careless of time, of east and west,
Ceasing from idle talk and jest,
As o'er the waters restless flow,
Drifted in cadence sweet and low,
That plaintive bugle-call—
Lights Out!

How through the old fort it would ring,
Strange echoes from the casemates bring;
While we would wait, our oars at rest
Upon the river's peaceful breast,
And watch the yellow lamp-gleams die
At the silvery warning sigh
Of that plaintive bugle-call—
Lights Out!

* * * * *

From far-off camp, from land of fears,
O'er wastes of distance, parting, tears,
Comes the familiar sound of old,
Our life in darkness to enfold.
Alone, upon life's troubled sea,
The fateful message comes to me,
Of that plaintive bugle-call—
Lights Out!

GERTRUDE F. LYNCH.

THE STORY OF A PLAY THE RAGGED REGIMENT

BY
R. W. STEPHENS



BLANCHE WALSH AND AUBREY BOUCAULT IN
THE RAGGED REGIMENT

IT is always interesting to see life directly influencing art. This is why the war poems now appearing in the newspapers attract sophisticated readers even when they are bad. It is also one of the reasons why, in spite of the infernally hot weather, a large audience assembled the other night at the Herald Square Theater in New York to see a play said to be founded on the Cuban struggle for independence.

When the curtain rose on *The Ragged Regiment* the very Cuban-looking young woman, with blackened eyes and flaming gown who sat next to me, exclaimed with delight. "Is n't it exactly like that place where we stayed three summers ago, just before we left the island?" she said to her escort. So I sat back in my seat with the grateful feeling that the local color was all right and that a burden had been taken off my shoulders. It was indeed a very pretty scene, with atmosphere enough to furnish a hothouse. In the background the heavy palm trees drooped and the air seemed to be shot with color; to the right stood the low, characteristically Cuban houses, which served for barracks. The first scene gave us a glimpse of a choice lot of prisoners of war, who presented a

horrible picture of uncleanness. After all, war is n't all gore and glory, is it? Those prisoners looked as if they would gladly renounce all hope of saving Cuba for the high and holy privilege of taking a bath. One of them, Hartley West, who evidently had n't had a shave since he left Chicago, was destined to supply the mainspring of the drama, as we learned a few moments later on witnessing the rapturous meeting between Tom Crosby, colonel of the Ragged Regiment, who had abandoned the flesh-pots of New York for the excitement of adventure among the insurgents and his two perfectly appointed friends, Dick Morris, also of New York, and Billy Gibbings, of both New York and Chicago, Morris and Gibbings had come to rescue West, and they looked and acted as if they were planning an elopement from a boarding-school. That the Spaniards in the barracks did not take them seriously was shown from the shower of bullets dropped around their toes just by way of a joke. This, of course, was comedy, and it gave a great deal of pleasure to the overheated audience. It also enabled the young men to make the acquaintance of the beautiful *Señorita Felicia de Lautana*, who happened along at the time, and seeing nothing funny in the joke commanded that it cease. No sooner had they expressed their thanks to their rescuer and had learned her name, than they discovered that she was the daughter of the very gentleman whom they were about to visit, the commandant of San Florio, where, by the way, Hartley West was confined. The *señorita* thereupon invited them to accompany her, much to the disgust of her escort, Colonel Herrera, whose interest in her had already been established in the minds of the spectators. So the act closed, very prettily, with the young American conspirators gallantly sailing under the wing of beauty.

We next met our friends at San Florio. Dick Morris was becoming almost neglectful of the poor devil behind the bars of the castle in the charm of the *señorita's* society, and Billy Gibbings was endeavoring to dodge the Spanish dowagers, who had been captivated by his humor, in order to flirt with the little Spanish maid he had observed in the house. In the mean time Herrera was watching with open disgust the *señorita's* growing interest in Morris, and he went so far as to warn Morris that the *señorita* already had a suitor favored by her father. This warning, however, did not prevent Morris from declaring his love for the *señorita* a few moments later. Of course, like all Spanish girls, she was coy at first, but it soon became plain enough that her heart had been given to the American. In the midst of their love-making, however, Morris heard the signal for an interview given by poor Hartley West, and his attention became distracted. Naturally the proud daughter of generations of Spanish grandees was wrathful, and "flung into the house." It was a hard situation for any lover, especially as the *señorita* returned just as Morris was discussing means of escape with West, and at once suspected that she had been used simply as his dupe. She at once accused him, and while he was confessing the truth and throw-

ing himself on her mercy, Herrera burst in upon them, declaring that he had overheard Morris's confession. Then the *señorita* displayed the quick-wittedness of a Yankee girl. Turning with contempt on the Spaniard, she sneeringly informed him that she had been merely drawing the American out, and that she preferred to carry out her plans for the punishment of the intruder in her father's house in her own way. That was clever, was n't it?—but the author had managed it so feebly that the effect of the situation was lost. The Colonel had nothing to do but to withdraw, leaving the two young people together. Of course, the *señorita*, after a time, convinced the astonished and skeptical New Yorker that she was true to him and when he took her in his arms and looked around to confront the sardonic visage of the suspicious officer, she showed her ingenuity again by pretending to have fainted. That was a clever situation, too, but somehow it missed fire and produced an effect that bordered closely on the ridiculous. At the close of the act we learned that the father of the *señorita* was suspected by his superiors of sympathy with the insurgents, and that if one of his prisoners escaped he would be held personally responsible. Here, then, was a nice complication! If the *señorita* helped her lover to free his friend she would jeopardize her father's life. What could be done? This was the question that confronted us at the close of the second act.

Of course, it was the *señorita* who discovered a way out of the difficulty. She would pretend that Hartley West was her lover, and by this means cause Herrera to remove him from San Florio to another prison, from whence his escape might be contrived without injury to her father. A pretty thin device, was n't it? On the stage it seemed even worse. In one of the rooms at San Florio a little comedy was arranged between the amorous dowager and *señorita* to convince the Colonel that his real rival was languishing behind the bars under the *señorita's* very eyes. The Colonel did not try to conceal his rage, but instead of declaring that he would have the fellow removed, he cried: "He shall be shot in four hours!" So you see where the *señorita's* cleverness had landed her. A more beautiful lesson in the importance of telling the truth on all occasions has never been given on the stage. To save Hartley West now became the absorbing motive of the distracted girl, and she lost no time. While the Colonel engaged in talk with Morris, the *señorita* stole behind him, deftly removed his pistol from his belt and passed it to her lover. Then they had the Spaniard in their power! But even as he looked into the pistol that was held before his face, Herrera did not flinch. If they shot him, he cynically explained, the room would be full of soldiers in a moment, and the murder would not save the life of Hartley West, and as for sparing West's life, he would not lift a finger to save him. As he sat there waiting for Morris to pull the trigger, the girl standing in mute horror in the background, the curtain slowly descended. It was, of course, supposed to be a very effective close for the crucial third act, but again the author missed its chance.

It all seemed like child's play, as, of course, it was. But of all the acts the last act was the most preposterous. We found the señorita and Morris outside the castle, and we learned that the Colonel had fallen asleep and that they had left him unguarded in the room above! Soon we discovered that his sleep had been only feigned, and, just before he made his escape from the room, poor Morris dropped his pistol in a well! Could any theatrical device be more pitiful? So Morris and the Colonel confronted each other on equal terms, while from the courtyard in the rear they could hear the preparations that were making for Hartley West's execution. At first Morris begged for mercy for his friend, but the Colonel only smiled sardonically. Then the blood of young America was stirred to mighty deeds, and Morris, rolling up his sleeves, challenged the Spaniard to meet him with nature's own weapons. They hurled themselves on each other like two maniacs, and in a jiffy Morris was sent spinning over the ground. Just as the Colonel stood flushed with victory, however, a wild shout was heard from outside, the gates leading to the courtyard were burst open, and in rushed the Ragged Regiment, singing their war-song to the tune of the Star-Spangled Banner. So the piece closed with a grand tableau, the señorita occupying the center of the stage with the Cuban and American flags waving around her.

On the whole, *The Ragged Regiment* must be recorded as one of the most futile melodramas produced in New York in many a season. Yet it contains good material, which, under a more skillful hand, might have made an effective play. The actors concerned in the production were, of course, sadly handicapped, but Miss Blanche Walsh, in spite of a certain artificiality, made an excellent impression as the señorita, and in the rôle of Herrera, Mr. Frazer Coulter acted with authority and with a most commendable naturalness. Mr. Aubrey Boucicault was altogether too light for the character of young Morris, and he showed a tendency, as Miss Walsh also did, to indulge in maudlin sentiment. The piece may have a brief run in New York, but it will not lift the author's reputation.

W.

CORRESPONDENCE

REPLYING TO MR. LUMMIS

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHAP-BOOK:

I AM greatly at a loss for the motive behind Mr. Lummis's letter attacking my kindly and appreciative review of his last work of fiction, *The Awakening of a Nation*. The consequent verification of citations from a book which lacks an index, like all of its kind, has been considerable and wearisome, yet I have succeeded in running down the references to Tecumseh and Diaz of which he complains. On page 51 of the book he wrote:

Instead of immolating its outside Indians upon porphyry altars, the new dispensation has saved and educated them to be citizens all, and among them important scholars, great



MR. CHARLES F. LUMMIS

engineers, and sometimes presidents of a republic. To grasp just how much this means of contrast between the methods of the noble Saxon and the brutal Spaniard, we need only fancy ourselves electing Tecumseh or Red Cloud or Osceola to be President of the United States.

On page 105 Mr. Lummis stated further that President Diaz has "the true Indian trunk," and that "his aboriginal blood" is "much more visible in his figure than in his face," while on page 119 he explained that Diaz's mother was a quarter Mixteca Indian. These matters I summarized by writing, "There is aboriginal blood in President Diaz, and Mr. Lummis likens it [the aboriginal blood in a president, of course] to our electing Tecumseh." What then does his letter mean by saying, "I did not compare the presidency of Diaz to our election of Tecumseh. Not being purposely imbecile, I could not. Diaz was not an Indian. Tecumseh was one." He goes on in his best omniscient manner to hint that he had Juarez in mind when he wrote "presidents" in the plural; and adds that we Americans will never elect a descendant of Pocahontas to the chief magistracy. I submit that if he is as close to purposeless imbecility in this last statement as in his first, we shall never elect any one else.

Mr. Lummis goes on to attack my calling him "an enthusiast" rather than "a philosophical historian," though I expressed no preference and certainly no admiration for the latter, as he wrongly

asserts. In the next sentence or two he wanders into a quaint denunciation of all that a philosophical historian may come to be. Yet I did nothing more than paraphrase that portion of his Introduction in which he characterized his own work as "friendly," but not so "by ignorance." When a man writes so partial an account of a matter and so suppresses all facts on the other side that his own mind brings an accusation of ignorance against him, which he thus hastens to forestall, why should he either covet or berate the title of philosophical historian?

Again, I stated that "it is only where the aborigines have dwelt in mountain fastnesses or impenetrable forests, or have preponderated greatly in numbers, that they have escaped destruction at Spanish hands." Mr. Lummis, seeking to controvert this, admits away his case by saying, "The Indian has everywhere in the colonies far outnumbered the Iberian." That is precisely my point. Where he survives at all he does. But in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Antilles generally he has disappeared, leaving the good Las Casas (whose life and works are commended to Mr. Lummis) to recount the horror of his passing; while Spain has gone on to transfer her deadly methods to the extermination of those of her own race born in the colonies, as in the case of the Cuban reconcentrados. Mr. Lummis has disagreeable things to say of one "who dares the wilds of an armchair" and "deliberately prefers the hearsay of second-hand books to a study of God's own MSS." What is he doing himself when he quotes this Spanish work or that against the living experience of the twelve generations of English-speaking folk who were familiar with Spanish methods at home and abroad before the Lummisian star arose in the West? And what is his knowledge of the Spanish colonies of his own day, Cuba, Porto Rico, the Philippines and the Carolines? He proves by his sweeping praise of Spain in her relations to the surviving aborigines that he has none—not even that to be gained from the vantage point of his infallible armchair.

As for minor inaccuracies, his letter seems to have been written to disclose them. It says, for example: "The school . . . and other public beneficences for Indians in Spanish America are purely Spanish, and not in any case republican. Every one knows that who knows even the date of their founding." But the author of *The Awakening of a Nation* did not know it, for he wrote (page 15), "Chihuahua has suddenly (within three years, that is) [the parenthesis is his] become populous with public schools." And (page 107), "Diaz . . . the creator of the Mexican public school system." And much more to the same end.

Still the book is interesting. And it is quite as accurate as any novel need be. But it is not the work of a philosophical historian, and I, for one, am glad Mr. Lummis has it in him to abuse the whole race. Anybody can be such a thing as that. It takes genius to be a good teller of tales or an entertaining writer of romances—and Mr. Lummis is both.

YOUR REVIEWER.

"HIGH AUTHORITY"

"I LEARN 'on high authority,'"

The correspondent wires,

And straight the mystic prophecy

An added weight acquires.

"Great Scott!" the people say. "It's so;

It's surely bound to be,

For who'd be likelier to know

Than high authority?"

"I learn, 'on high authority,'

That war is drawing nigh.

The queen had gingerbread for tea,

The king will surely die."

So double lead it; "feature" it,

That every one shall see—

If it's untrue the blame will sit

"On 'high authority.'"

The country press in line can be.

"Vox Pop," of Riggs, should write:

"I learn, 'on high authority,'

That soon the fish will bite;

Old Grandpa Moore has rheumatiz;

Jake Smith has hurt his knee;

We're planting corn—all this news is

"On high authority.'"

We greet thee, "high authority,"

Who never has a name—

Although the things you say shall be

Do n't happen, all the same.

In no one person, evidently,

Is centered all of grace,

Since even "high authority"

Is often off its base.

EDWIN L. SABIN.

THE PODMORE LETTERS

VIII

EVERY AUTHOR HIS OWN REVIEWER

D. Podmore,
Literary-Journalist,
War Rumors concocted
at Short Notice.

NEW YORK, June 17, 1898.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHAP-BOOK:

I HAVE been so much occupied for the past six weeks concocting war rumors for the yellow journals that my correspondence has been sadly neglected. Even now I ought not to leave my desk in the office of the *Evening Lyre* to write this letter, but my chiefs, Messrs. Jewlitzer and Thearst, have requested me to take a vacation of forty-eight hours as a bracer. My rumors have n't been lurid and mendacious enough for ten days past to sell the papers as widely as these gentlemen desire, and they think a rest will do me good. I quite agree with them. No man can lie steadily for thirty days running and keep his whoppers up to the standard of a war extra, any more than he can eat a quail a day for the same number of consecutive days without jeopardizing his vermiform appendix. I have, therefore, a breathing spell in which to ask you if you do n't think it would be a good idea to change the policy of your paper and let authors tell what they think of their books, instead of filling up your columns with your own opinions. I dare say your opinions are all right and interesting in their own way, but there

is nothing novel or original in a journal's expressing its own opinions. Even the comic papers do this when by some odd chance they find they have any. It would be a novel and an original plan, however, to take up the system which I propose, and let the authors do their own reviewing.

Take George Meredith for instance. What an interesting review he could write of, let us say, that charmingly simple tale, *One of Our Conquerors*; or that other naïve performance, *Lord Ormont and His Peppermint*. In the first place Mr. Meredith might unravel the tangled skein of his rhetoric as no other man could, now that Sherlock Holmes is dead. The most abstruse passages of his work might tax his analytical powers for a time, just as they have defied the critical insight of professional reviewers everywhere else; but there can be no doubt that Mr. Meredith would ultimately conquer where all others would find their task a hopeless one. This, of course, presumes that the author has had some idea in mind while writing the passages referred to. And if he has n't, it would surely be interesting if not extremely amusing to hear what he had to say about writers who write merely to exercise their vocabularies and to mystify their readers. I am quite convinced that once he were persuaded to review his own books, Mr. Meredith would make certain alterations in his style which would commend his writings to a circle of readers larger than is represented by Boston, Massachusetts, or Henry James, London.

Then there is the poetry of the Union Square School, led by such sweet singers as Mr. Rossiter Underwood Johnson and his side partner, Mr. Gilder. We know what Mr. Gilder thinks of Mr. Johnson's poetry because he prints it in his magazine. We know what Mr. Johnson thinks of Mr. Gilder's poetry because he returns the compliment by printing it in his. But what does Mr. Johnson think of his own poetry? And to what extent does Mr. Gilder admire or deprecate what he has himself written? It would be interesting to know, and I have not the slightest doubt that both gentlemen would be glad to tell us if the proposition were only made to them in the right way. Of course, neither of them would do it if they thought they were asked for the fun of the thing. That would not be dignified; but if requested to do it for the human interest involved, it is quite probable that they would consider the suggestion. They have neither of them ever been backward in the matter of sharing what information they have had with a world that would have otherwise to go without it, and so died in ignorance.

To be quite frank, I would rather have Mr. Alfred Austin's opinion of the merits and demerits of his own work than yours. And there are many others, to hear from whom critically on the subject of their own work would be a delight. Among them may be mentioned our genial friend, the editor of that charming compilation of literary causerie, *The Bookman*. This gentleman has from infancy been known as the possessor of "the analytical eye." He is a humorist of the first water—I do not mean by this that his jests rank in age with the

flood, but that his wit sparkles like a rhinestone in the shirt front of a night clerk in a Kansas hotel. Now, you know what you think of Professor Peck's humor. I know what I think of it. The thoughts of both of us on the subject are very interesting; I admit that, but in point of real interest alongside of Professor Peck's own opinions of his comic writings ours pale into insignificance. You or I would write on *The Humor of Doctor Peck*, and would present views which might prove to be the views of thousands, and the critique would pass unnoticed. But *My Last Funny Book: Why I Think it is Funny, Being Some Reflections Concerning Myself*, written by the Professor of Latin at Columbia University, that, Mr. Editor, would be pasted in scrap-books from Maine to Manila.

I do not wish to dilate at too great length upon Doctor Peck and his work, but in connection with my theme I feel that I ought to add that the case of Doctor Peck brings forth most vividly the value of my proposition to you. The doctor is a factor in the world of letters. I think he will admit this himself. And he has stated publicly in his Open Letter Box that there are no American humorists. If this be true, and as a sort of literary Pope Doctor Peck may be charged with speaking ex cathedra, we are wiped out as a nation. It has been said, and said truly, that we Americans are all humorists, and if our Commander-in-Chief says of us that there is not a funny bone in the whole kit, then are we non-existent. If there is no American humorist, there are no Americans left. I, for one, do not wish to see our nation blotted out by a single dictum of this nature; yet, if Doctor Peck says it, it must be true, and we are blotted out. But there is a chance by availing ourselves of which we may resume our position in the society of the Powers. The germ of humor must still lie within us. The existence of Doctor Peck shows that the comic is not wholly obliterated. How shall we regain our once vaunted supremacy of the seas of humorous literature? In only one way, Mr. Editor: by the contemplation of the works of Peck. But you may ask: Of what avail is it to study the works of Peck? A cat may look at a King, but remains a cat, you may say. An American may look at a Peck, and remain an American, you may add—and the American has ceased to be a humorist. Suppose, however, that the King should tell the cat by what peculiar sequence of ancestors, and by what singular personal attributes he became a King. Is it not within the range of possibilities that if the cat, having all the weaknesses of mankind, could have added to these the intelligence given to some of us, he could make a King of himself? So, therefore, if Doctor Peck would condescend from his Latin throne, and come off his literary perch for a moment and tell us how he has become himself; how he has written what he has, and give us, with all the authority of his many positions, the receipt which has made Peck what he is, would the American people rest long without their old-time prestige as the producers of humor? I think not.

If the good doctor can be got to review his own essays on what, with his usual dignity, he calls

"Fonetic Refawrm," to analyze these with his usual perspicacity when reviewing the works of others, to tell us what in his secret soul he thinks of himself, to show us how he has become a rival in humor to the other Peck, of Michigan, giving to us at the same time some hint as to how ultimately we may hope to rival him, it will be well. The stigma which, with characteristic modesty, he has placed upon his people will be removed.

I shall not trespass longer on your space. I merely wish to ask you to consider the proposition I make. I really think that Mr. Davis's impressions of Van Bibber, Mr. Crane's ideas on paint, Henry James's notions as regards his own books, Lloyd Mifflin's views of sonnets of his own making, and that jolly old chap, Jim Ford, on the works of Mr. James Ford, would be most interesting to your readers; to say nothing of the joy of seeing Peck reviewed by the editor of *The Bookman*.

Truly yours,

PERIWINKLE PODMORE.

P. S.—I've just thought of a magnificent series of lies about the war. Look out for next week's extras—the yellow ones—and you'll see them. They are so pitifully mendacious they can't possibly turn them down.

P. P.

REVIEWS

NORTHWARD

NORTHWARD OVER THE "GREAT ICE."—By Robert E. Peary. Two volumes, 8vo. The Frederick A. Stokes Company.

THESE two heavy volumes serve to contain an account of all that Mr. Peary has seen and done on the other side of the Arctic circle. Both of themselves and by reason of their subject-matter they are distinctly creditable to America and its people. Concrete as exploration under a frozen sky must be, it is none the less devotion to an ideal. And, just as from the North Pole every point is south, so has this gallant American sailor kept his purpose fixed in a single direction. Should this book of his meet with all the success it deserves, its sale will not cease until he is possessed of means sufficient to test the finest and best of the theories it sets forth—a practical means for reaching the pole itself.

The work is by no means faultless. It contains some eight hundred illustrations, half of which could have been omitted with profit. It would seem as if every snapshot taken during the various journeys was included. There are scores of pictures of Eskimo dogs, differing to the reader's eye only in the letter press beneath them. A sense of justice should have prevented the publication of a pretended likeness of Mrs. Peary, wherein she appears to be cross-eyed—besides, it is bad luck. There are to be monographs on the ethnological and other technical features of the work, the introduction promises, and it is to some such place that the portraits of most of the natives should be relegated, the Eskimo woman in particular falling within the scope of Stephen's lines:

She does not seem to serve a useful end,
And certainly she is not beautiful.

Nor can we bring ourselves to feel the slightest interest in scores of wholly obscure and unimportant persons pictured here. A revision of the photographs alone would have reduced the weight of the work and increased its desirability.

Mr. Peary possesses a style well suited to his purposes. He is clear and forceful. There is none too much description in the work, and it is uniformly well done. Most of the space is devoted to the "Great Ice," the paleocrystic mass that covers the interior of Greenland, leaving the tops of its mountains many thousands of feet below its surface. Of one phase of his sojourn upon this, he writes:

In clear weather the traveler upon this white waste sees but the snow, the sky, the sun. In cloudy weather even these disappear. Many a time I have found myself in such weather traveling in gray space, feeling the snow beneath my snowshoes, but unable to see it. No sun, no sky, no snow, no horizon—absolutely nothing that the eye could rest upon—zenith and nadir alike, an intangible gray nothingness. My feet and snowshoes were clear and sharp as silhouettes, and I was sensible of contact with the snow at every step, yet so far as my eyes gave me evidence to the contrary, I was walking upon nothing. The space between my snowshoes was equally as light as the zenith. The opaque light which filled the sphere of vision came from below as well as above. The strain, both physical and mental, of this blindness with wide-open eyes was such that after a time I would be obliged to stop until the passing of the fog, or formation of higher clouds, gave me something to keep the course by.

Another observation made of this abode of desolation is even more memorable:

There is no doubt in my mind but that in the middle of the Arctic night, in the center of this "Great Ice," lifted a mile and a half or two miles into the frozen air that sweeps around the pole, separated from any possible effect of the earth's radiated heat by a blanket of ice and snow a mile or more in thickness, and distant fully two hundred and fifty miles from the possible ameliorating effect of the Arctic seas, there is to be found the heaviest degree of cold of any spot upon the surface of the globe.

What has already been done may be told in few words. Mr. Peary made a summer voyage to Greenland in 1886 and inspected the inland ice he describes, the accounts of former explorers having convinced him that it would afford a practicable road to the north. In 1891-2 he remained in northern Greenland for thirteen months, long enough to travel twelve hundred miles over the ice cap and to prove that Greenland is a true island. In 1893-5 he lived for twenty-five months in the same regions, made another journey of equal length and surveyed the locality in detail. And in 1896, and again in 1897, he voyaged to Cape York and brought home the great meteorites he had previously discovered there. All this he has done himself. But it is to him, rather than to Nansen, that the credit the latter claims for his first crossing of Greenland in 1888 must belong; for Mr. Peary had previously demonstrated the practicability of the very route the other took, as he himself has written.

No less interesting than the labors performed are those others this dauntless explorer hopes to undertake. The necessary money, \$150,000 or more, being secured, the party takes ship, picks up the Eskimo previously tested at Whale Sound, and

forces its way with its abundant supplies to Sheard-Osborn Fiord or beyond. As soon as it begins to freeze, the work of transporting material northwardly along the coast will begin and continue during the successive winter moons until every prominent headland is provided with a cache, and the party itself at the northerly limit of Greenland, in latitude 85°. Then, at the proper moment, accompanied by two Eskimo and a comrade or so of his own race, Mr. Peary would start for the pole. The practical but somewhat repulsive practice of permitting the dogs to subsist upon one another, the sole survivor being in turn devoured by the explorers, has been thoroughly tested, and, for all its suggestion of a Bab Ballad, found thoroughly practical.

The war ended and the interests of the country permitted to return to their usual channels, conventional and otherwise, there should be no trouble in persuading the American nation to repay the Old World in part for its discovery of their abiding place by sending Mr. Peary to a world still older, the land of the frozen pole.

MRS. WARD ON ROBERT ELSMERE

HELBECK OF BANNISDALE.—By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Two volumes, 12mo. The Macmillan Company.

BY as much as Roman Catholicism lacks the popularity of Protestantism among English-speaking people, by so much will this harshly named novel lack the vogue of its logical precursor, Robert Elsmere. The one, however, was a Unitarian tract, quickened by Mr. Gladstone's praise into popularity; the latter is a work of real refinement and considerable art.

Like its predecessor, *Helbeck of Bannisdale* is a canto in the great epic of the passing century—the age-long struggle between Christian faith and scientific doubt. For several quite apparent and permissible reasons, Mrs. Ward makes her hero an austere follower, by birth, choice and conviction, of the teachings of Rome; while to the brighter and more human heroine is entrusted the burden of unfaith. It would seem from so bald a statement as this that the natural prejudice against an unbeliever was to be counterbalanced by making the unbeliever a young, beautiful and orphaned woman, with all the predisposition to favorable judgment which such qualifications imply. But nothing so crude is attempted, and the weight of authority rests, after all, with the hero. He is of ancient lineage; the heroine, a child of the people; he is self-contained and self-controlled, except for the universally popular fault of a quick temper; she is impulsive and ignorant of conventions quite to the point of exasperation. The shifting of the reader's sympathies from one to the other in alternation through two long volumes is exceedingly well managed, and constitutes the interest of the book. It is an orderly progression, kept strictly within fixed limits, an evolution; and the reversal of the ordinary rule which makes the woman pious and the man skeptical is fortunate to a degree. And yet, understood aright, it is rather a study in hered-

ity than of religion, as Robert Elsmere was. Nominally the victory rests with faith; actually the work serves to prove a scientific truth against which a religion professing free-will may struggle in vain.

Doctrinal teaching is not held to be a subject fit for artistic treatment—certainly not among artists. Rome holds to a little known and but partially understood policy of economy in dogmatics. Neither art nor practical theology, in accord for once, permit the bewilderment of the human intellect by too great insistence upon mere doctrine. Mrs. Ward reflects this feeling in her work when she omits the controversy so prominent in her former doctrinal story, and makes it possible to do this by drawing the heroine as a person with no instruction in the essentials of her very unfaith. She evidently has her creator's sympathies, though a desire to be perfectly fair has led to the introduction of many qualifications. As a result, it is only the reader able to view the long conflict with the equanimity of impartiality—as being between Catholic and agnostic, or of divided fondness; loving the beauty of Rome and cherishing the freedom of doubt at the same time—who is doomed to a loss of interest.

Laura Fountain is the daughter of a Cambridge scholar, who has emerged at once from the ranks of the peasantry and of the evangelicals. He scorns beliefs of all kinds and loathes the restraint or slavery of dogma. This feeling so natural in him he imparts to his daughter, though he takes no pains to educate her in his views or to give her the equipment for controversy which is the usual portion of the agnostic. She accepts as true, without question, the product of that doubt which had made life bitter for him. Yet, through it all, it is to be seen that Laura is the logical result of the fundamental doubt and glorification of individual opinion which pervades Protestantism. Her lack of polemics on one hand and her perfect acceptance of mental freedom on the other throw her upon one's mercy.

By a turn of fate Laura's father takes for his second wife one of the Helbecks of Bannisdale, a family "Catholic for twenty generations,"—an inaccurate statement in any event. She weakly lays aside her religion while he lives; dead, she returns to it avidly. His death leaves Laura independent in a money sense, but with her stepmother, a hopeless invalid, on her hands. Mrs. Fountain returns to the home of her fathers, a house once gay with the light-hearted Catholicism of a day of disabilities, but now bleak with an intensity of faith which is puritan in its narrowness, its restraints and its intolerance. Over its failing fortunes presides Alan Helbeck, a devotee, kept in the world because of his duties as a layman, by the very Jesuits he is so eager to join in the religious life.

One could wish that the mere bringing of Helbeck and Laura together were not a proclamation of lovemaking, however unusual. They are admirably contrasted figures; the man with his highly instructed though inherited faith; the girl with her beauty, her honesty, her willfulness and that ignorant denial of all creeds which is both her inher-

itance and her temperament. It is clear from the beginning of her installment as her stepmother's devoted nurse in this strange house that she must love her host, that he must love her, and that a tragedy, either spiritual or temporal, must result. It is in the alternative here that the interest of the casual reader must find its spring. He (or, more likely, she) will wonder whether love will make him yield, or her.

But Mrs. Ward's purpose is deeper. Between faith and doubt there can be nothing but war. Where this is rightly understood compromise is impossible. One must go to the wall; woman, the weaker in assertion, the stronger in sacrifice, must be the one.

If the agnostic is to be dissatisfied with the heroine because of her inability to meet the prejudices of her opponents except with prejudice, the Catholic will detect in little phrases dropped here and there the same dislike of his church on the part of the author here that was apparent in *Elsmere*. He will wonder, at the same time, over Mrs. Ward's intimate knowledge of Catholic life and over the probable reception of these esoteric matters by the Protestant, who will hardly find any Dictionary of Catholicism full enough to admit him to the significance of much that he reads. Yet it is only to the pious Catholic that the book can have a satisfactory conclusion.

Pace the memory of Mr. Gladstone, no one has ever learned why Robert Elsmere was widely read. It will be still more astonishing if Helbeck of Bannisdale strikes a popular chord. It is a novel seemingly doomed by its subject-matter. Yet it is a novel, and the other was not. Mrs. Ward's art grows more and more sure with the years.

THE CROCKETT OF THE MOMENT

THE STANDARD BEARER.—By S. R. Crockett. D. Appleton & Co.

PARNASSUS has so far been strangely uncharted, and it is likely to be one of the last places to attract the eye of the psychologist.

All that has been done toward its organization is a sort of loose grouping, and as time goes on the personnel of these groups changes astonishingly, those lowest down sometimes going up to the top and others coming lumbering awkwardly down. Certain little companies of writers of fiction remain pretty constantly in sight, though it would be a bold critic who would state their exact meridian. Suffice it that the camp is easy-going, and makes Mr. Meredith and Mr. Thackeray, George Eliot and Henry James all quite comfortable together.

These are the permanencies. Once in a while somebody arrives, remains for a while with more or less acclaim from the outside and then disappears to his own place, below the cloud belt.

Mr. Crockett has been one of these interesting visitors, with pretty strong claims to a long stay. The "foreword" of this, his last book, reads like Stevenson at his best, and strikes at once a high note of delicate and moving seriousness. Unfor-

tunately, it is not sustained by what follows, and shortly after the first chapters the strong and promising fiber of the story becomes of an almost sentimental prettiness and rapidly wearisome, even to a loyal Scot.

The story begins away back in the "terrible year" of the martyrdom of the Covenanters, when Jeffreys held his bloody assizes, and when death waited for even the gentle women who could not refuse shelter to a hunted man. On those moors where the whaups are always crying and where blow the winds austere and pure, little Quintin is herding his father's sheep. His big dogs hear strange sounds, and waken him from his midday sleep with their growls. Then they all three creep to the top of the round hill, and there, stiff with rage and terror, see the red-coats busy at this new hunting of men.

The experience of this afternoon turns the boy into the man, and sows the seed which in later years makes of the shepherd lad the standard-bearer of the old hill faith.

It is Quintin himself, with interruptions from his big brother Hob, who tells the story, and it is his immitigable piety and intentional goodness which soon get tiresome. His fighting was all done in the pulpit, and as he settles down finally with his lady love, one feels that it is just in time to escape being a bore.

For a man so desperately loved by two fine girls, Quintin is hardly convincing enough, even in face of the habit of Balmagie parish, where it is "known without kennin' that the woman that wad refuse the minister o' a parish when he speers her, hasna been born."

Take up the driest possible history of that momentous time, and it will be seen what might have been made of the theme. Mr. Crockett has done no more than make a good tale, sweetly told. The passion, the fighting faith, the glorious trust, the outlook that makes one feel history are subordinated to the development of Quintin's weak sweetness. No wonder the women liked him. As no man seems ever to be able to talk much of himself without being a prig, it seems equally impossible to read Quintin's story of himself without hoping that fate will give him a good snubbing.

Had Mr. Crockett chosen to keep the motif of his first chapters, as he is perfectly capable of doing, his book might have been among those that teach history in the way it is best taught—by the eloquent presentment of one of the many chapters of the deeds and thoughts of men, when their faith and truth rang true to a red touchstone, and martyrdom was indeed "a great prize."

THE BIOGRAPHICAL THACKERAY

PENDENNIS.—By William Makepeace Thackeray. The Biographical Edition. Prepared by Mrs. Ritchie. 8vo. Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.

VASTLY remote, measuring time by occurrences, as Thackeray's college days are to us, Mrs. Ritchie still succeeds in bringing them curiously near. Alfred Tennyson writes his prize

poem, *Timbuctoo*; Thackeray—the temptation must have been irresistible—parodies it forthwith; Arthur Hallam writes Gladstone to say, “My friend Tennyson’s poem will be thought twice as absurd as mine;” and it was but yesterday that Gladstone left us. It is like an introduction to Samuel Rogers, who knocked at Samuel Johnson’s door (and ran away) when he was a lad. We, and the freshmen and preparatory school boys along with us, are made contemporary with Thackeray’s freshman and preparatory school days.

Thackeray liked geometry, hated algebra, and never could learn the distinction between longitude and latitude, which is quite as it should be. He failed to distinguish himself in any particular way in school or at the university. But he wrote *Pendennis*. No healthy youth ever took up that book without seeing something of himself—his cockiness, if nothing else—in its hero; introspective or not, he must recognize the likeness. As the Warrington to Thackeray’s *Pendennis*, Edward Fitzgerald, his dear friend at the university and afterwards, has been put forward before. Mrs. Ritchie is wiser. Knowing the differences, she can say of the men as against the characters, “They were both more fastidious, critical and imaginative persons.” Certainly they were, and this is one of the chief secrets of a great writer’s art. Your minor poet or novelist or critic is satisfied with specific things, enjoys small details, is a particularist, a miniaturist; your Jovian folk deal with the general, select types, and their portraits follow you with their eyes whithersoever you wander.

We are reminded that Herman Merivale pointed out *Pendennis* as the most cheerful of all the Thackeray novels. This serves to place the date of its composition as close to the calamity which will always keep his life-history too sacred a thing to be written in full. We read, too, that Fitzgerald, at first according praise to the book, and drawing a pleasant picture of Tennyson’s enjoying it with him, later advised his friend on the strength of it, or the weakness, “to give it up;” “it” being novel-writing!

Something of Thackeray’s attitude towards another of his college friends, Carne: “I give him a great deal of good advice, which must be excellent for both of us,” might well serve as text for a consideration of the amiable digressions on morality scattered through his books. Another bit of revelation is in Mrs. Ritchie’s “Few people took blame to heart more keenly than did my father.” Few people had less blame to offer, and yet the penny wits and the folk of the Doctor Russell stamp will have it that he was a cynic. On the other hand, he understood the weaknesses of the Celt as it has seldom been given to the Saxon, and Captain Costigan steps from his brain full panoplied for war, or usquebaugh. For sailors, also, he was filled with kindly sympathy as for another breed of men, whose faults spring from no meanness of heart, though the facts given regarding latitude and longitude bespeak too great a simplicity for even the “simplifying sea.”

It is close to half a century since *Pendennis*

was made the property of the world, and quite half a century since it was begun. It is dedicated to Doctor John Elliotson, one of those lovable men of physis who appear in so pleasant a light in the world of letters, not as men who write, but as the preservers of the healths and lives of so many who do. Like him, the book is kindly, skillful and humane. Its author may have wished for the constructive art of Alexander Dumas (“What would n’t I give to have his knack of putting a story together”); but he had that better talent, the knack of being merely human. *Pendennis* is not the greatest of his works, yet its immortality is assured.

SUMMER MODES IN FRENCH LETTERS

- PAUL ADAM.—*Les Médiocres*; *Les Tentatives Passionnées*. Ollendorff.
 GUSTAVE KAHN.—*Le Cirque Solaire*. Edition de la Revue Blanche.
 MAURICE MAINDRON.—*Saint Cendre*. Edition de la Revue Blanche.
 HUGUES REBELL.—*La Femme Qui a Connue l’Empereur*. Mercure de France.
 PIERRE LOUYS.—*La Femme et le Pantin*.
 MAX ELISKAMP.—*La Louange de la Vie*. Mercure de France; *Enluminures*. Lacomblez, Brussels.
 FRANCIS JAMMES.—*De l’Angelus de l’Aube à l’Angelus du Soir*. Mercure de France.
 CHARLES VAN LERBERGHE.—*Entrevues*. Lacomblez, Brussels.

THE cry of the bookseller is still heard. Three months ago the public bought no books, being busy hounding a man who made many. Having left M. Emile Zola for other quarry, the public went to the polls, and still shops where books are meant to sell stand empty. A hundred papers in Paris at a sou make daily leaps from the domain of blackmailing to the realm of bad literature, and the public appreciates the feat. The French press is killing books and magazines in France. One can have, accordingly, no idea of the market value of the following books. From the subsidiary point of view of letters, however, many are quite worth two francs seventy-five.

Of course, the literary output this summer consists mainly of novels. It was also to be expected that M. Paul Adam would produce at least two. In fact it is a wonder what M. Paul Adam, having published *Les Tentatives Passionnées* and *Les Médiocres*, is now about, as the *Journal* ceased printing tales by him quite three months ago—near the time, curiously enough, of the Zola trial. However, *Les Médiocres* came very appositely, at electioneering time. If Paul Adam were paradoxical he would say Frenchmen fail for want of vices. A whole generation has remained contentedly half-hearted. The nation, like some other nations, is the prey of men with narrow ambitions and small scope. Some of these M. Paul Adam is at no pains to flatter. That unpleasant person, the arriviste, who really “arrives” at so very little, is pungently drawn. Unhappily, political men here do not read novels.

Les Tentatives Passionnées might have been written as a tonic for the *Médiocres*. The tales, now brought out in book form, are full of a longing for intense life of the intellect and of the

passions, and that heroic spirit of French letters runs through which the Anglo-Saxon reader smiles over, then learns to appreciate.

Some such a desire, but without the heroic spirit, moves M. Gustave Kahn's hero. *Le Cirque Solaire* is a novel in careful and somewhat unvivacious prose by the poet who is self-styled inventor of the *vers libre*. The melancholy of Count Franz, who lives in darkened rooms and sips golden wines, is a little tiring to the reader. However, he awakens to life on meeting Lorely, who dances in spangles at the *Cirque Solaire*, and with her sees France, Italy, London, besides things and men. Lorely having cured his melancholy, or at least given him remembrance, leaves him, and the Count returns to his darkened room to dream, but henceforth to dream on memories. There is no little charm in M. Kahn's heroine and hero, although his manner of writing has a kind of complacency that is apt to be irritating.

On the contrary, readers of M. Maurice Maindron's *St. Cendre* will weary from sheer exhaustion. Louis Alexandre de Villebrune, Marquis de *St. Cendre*, lived at the time of the *Pléiade* and lived thoroughly. He loved and fought and penned odes and sonnets, rioted and swashbuckled, accomplished heathen rites and made living sacrifices, and died a Calvinist. M. Maindron tells it all with a will and a lively wit. The book is crowded with characters and adventures, and reading it is like living an hour recklessly and good-humoredly without principles or thin-skinned compunction.

M. Hugues Rebelle's manner is as free, but not as broad as M. Maindron's. *La Nichina* was a tedious *Decameron*. *La Femme Qui a Connu l'Empereur* is as tiresome as its title. M. Rebelle accumulates delicious adventures that never come to anything, outlines a host of droll characters and makes nothing of them; is clever and witty, and is not amusing. It is a small and quite a personal matter that M. Rebelle should have no passions or deep interests. But he is also, like M. Kahn, over-complacent as a writer, and should recollect that amused contemplation is not always entertaining.

M. Pierre Louys is working success for all it is worth. *Aphrodite*, a skillful rehash of strong meats from the Greek decadence, went through a number of editions, owing to support from the chastened pen of M. François Coppée, who, so the story goes, was sent some other and less perilous book bound in the covers of *Aphrodite*. In *La Femme et le Pantin* the flavor is Spanish, with the odor of Southern spices. So far (the novel is appearing as a serial) the theme is perversion, and the heroine, a Spanish maid familiar with every art. This is saying enough, for M. Louys is past master in perversity.

At least one good book of verse has come out this spring, or rather two. M. Max Elskamp is a truly delightful poet. In an age when youth is full of returning to nature, M. Elskamp does not talk about it, but in busy Antwerp can see and sing nature around him with simplicity. There may have been a strain of affectation to begin with, but from the *Six Chansons de Pauvre Homme*,

which appeared in 1895 and are now republished, together with previous works in the volume entitled *La Louange de la Vie*, M. Elskamp learned to prune every device that is foreign to art, and his last book, *Enluminures*, is the perfection of sweet singing. M. Elskamp also carries out his title, and his drawings are charming.

M. Charles Van Lerberghe, who wrote that wonderful visionary drama, *Les Flaireurs*, has brought out *Entrevisions*, poems of fleeting dreams, told exquisitely; M. Francis Jammes reads nature *De l'Angélus de l'Aube à l'Angélus du Soir*, and repeats what he read in earnest and dignified verse; M. Emile Verhaeren, besides publishing in book form that epic drama of his, *Les Aubes*, the dawn of a new order of things, where "the world is well won," as a poet would wish to win it, has *Le Moite Automne* in last month's *Humanité Nouvelle*, from which this fine passage may be copied for the benefit of those who call the *vers libre* unmusical:

Les baisers, jaunes de l'automne
mordent, d'un ton ardent et fou,
sur les branches des vergers roux,
les pommes;
voici le dernier mois vermeil:
lunes rouges, pourpres soleils;

* * * * *

et brusquement, c'est le coq clair
qui déchire, d'un spasme et d'un éclair,
et d'un grand cri de violence,
le mol silence
dont les voiles pendent et s'étendent dans l'air.
Lunes rouges, pourpres soleils,
dans la moiteur des derniers mois vermeils.

A WOMAN WITH HUMOR

THE UNQUIET SEX.—By Helen Watterson Moody. 12mo. Scribner's. \$1.25.

AS men go, we have been rather proud of our knowledge of women. We have learned all her comic-paper attributes and a few others, and we have long since got over recommending books to her. But even from us the eternal feminine has concealed much. Some things we have wondered at from boyhood, others only more recently. We remember yet puzzling our youthful brains to find out, for example, why the girls gave so many details in answer to their history questions, and why they raised their hands in eagerness to volunteer information in the class-room. It seemed uncanny. This petticoat rashness always had, in spite of our best efforts, remained unexplained, and we long ago gave up its solution. Now a woman with a sense of humor comes along, and tells us all about it. We feel like breaking out into peans of joy. Even if we gained no more than that one thing from the *Unquiet Sex*, it would be enough; but there is more, much more. We are pleased to find our instincts right in many instances which have escaped our judgment. To confess frankly, we have always been a little hypocritical in regard to educated women. We have been divided in mind between awe and admiration of womanly girls, and understanding of and amusement at "cultured"

girls. We have bowed respectfully to the latter, and fled wildly to the former as soon as we could. In all this we have felt guilty. We have imagined we were not fulfilling our duty to literature—and things. Now this comforting Mrs. Moody assures us that we did just right. We suspect that in spite of all the clever things she says, she is a womanly woman herself. She asserts she would “rather be pleasant than be President.”

She is, at any rate, a woman with a sense of humor. With most of the “unquiet sex” humor and conscience are like the old man and woman in the barometer—when one is out, the other is in. You must take things seriously and very hard, or you are godless and deplorable. Mrs. Moody believes otherwise, and we are glad to agree with her. We have faced the alternative a good many years ourselves. She cries the fundamental defects of womankind to be that it is too busy, too impressed with the importance of things, too much inclined to think that “the main virtue of the world consists in getting tired.” She claims that women don’t know how to enjoy themselves as completely as do men, and she instances women’s clubs, where they fine the members for staying away!

But still we think that the main interest to men is in the lighting up of dark places. We have always wondered at woman’s reforming spirit, and the bitterness with which she enters into it—and the horrible bore she makes of herself while she is at it. This little green book explains conclusively. We have looked with awe on the stuff a woman will eat—now we understand how she comes to do it. We confess to ignorance—past—of why a woman writes essays on such restricted subjects as *The Influence of the Discovery of America on Europe*, and never remembers the title of a book she wants, or anything else about it, except its color and size. That is as clear as the sun now. So with a dozen other things.

The only fly in the ointment is that such frankness alarms us. It does n’t seem quite human to throw away weapons in such a reckless manner. Men are accustomed to fear and worship that which they cannot understand; ergo, what they understand they neither fear nor worship. We can never think that any woman wishes the opposite sex to lose its awe of her, and we certainly cannot accuse her of decided objections to being adored. It is all very puzzling. Perhaps this apparent surrender is a ruse to lure us on to a masked battery of heavier guns, so that even those few of us who have heretofore escaped will fall prisoners. Or, again, it may be that the author realizes that the eternal feminine could not be wholly explained in a thousand thick volumes, let alone in one thin one, and so is graciously pleased to give from her plenty. In any case we are much obliged, and are still wary.

All joking aside, Mrs. Moody discusses with airy feminine charm many pressing feminine problems, and this in a way to help toward sensible solutions. We trust she will forgive us. The truth is, that the heat has addled our brains, and we cannot take seriously anything but the *Ladies’ Home Journal*.

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INSTEAD of the July 15th issue of THE CHAP-BOOK the subscribers to that magazine will receive the issue of The Dial for the same date. To this latter journal, upon an offer from its proprietors, have been transferred the subscription list, the right to the name, and the good will of THE CHAP-BOOK. It has been consistently maintained by THE CHAP-BOOK that The Dial is in many ways the best purely critical journal in America, and it is hoped that subscribers will be pleased that their subscriptions are to be filled out in this manner.

The proprietors and editors of THE CHAP-BOOK feel proud of its past and there would have been a certain satisfaction in continuing its publication. But it became evident that the large amount of time and energy which went to its editing could be employed to greater advantage, from a business point of view, in the book-publishing department of the house, and The Dial's offer was therefore accepted. Furthermore it was not felt that it was necessary to continue THE CHAP-BOOK longer to demonstrate that a good literary magazine could be published in the West, and receive the critical sanction of the whole country. THE CHAP-BOOK has never depended in any special way upon the West for support; indeed, it is probable that in proportion to its size Chicago had fewer subscribers than any other large city. But the editors believe that the critical standards of their paper have been kept as high as would have been possible either East or West. They believe they have been consistently honest in trying to give their public what seemed to them the best writing they could procure, whether it came from new or from well known authors. They believe, furthermore, that THE CHAP-BOOK has been the strongest protest we have had in America against the habit of promiscuous over-praise which is threatening to make the whole body of American criticism useless and stultifying.

If one may judge anything from newspaper notices THE CHAP-BOOK has not lacked sympathetic appreciation. Nothing more flattering could be wished for than the judgments passed on the magazine after it became evident that an effort was being made to establish something which should have solid and dignified merit. In its earlier days the effort to put the public in touch with the new and curious developments in foreign art and literature brought upon it considerable ridicule and as well won for it much admiration. Its habit of free speech produced a curious movement among the young writers of the country. There was scarcely a village or town which did not have its little individualistic pamphlet frankly imitating the form and tone of THE CHAP-BOOK.

The magazine was first issued in Cambridge, Mass., May 15th, 1894, by the firm of Stone & Kimball, both members of which were at the time undergraduates of Harvard College. It was at first intended as scarcely more than an attractive kind of circular for advertising the books published by the house. But the instant attention which it attracted induced its publishers to continue. May 1st, 1896, THE CHAP-BOOK appeared with the imprint of H. S. Stone & Co. upon its title page, they having purchased it from Stone & Kimball when Mr. H. S. Stone severed his connection with that house. January 15th, 1897, THE CHAP-BOOK abandoned its small form and appeared in quarto size, adding at the same time a regular department of book reviews. February 15th, 1898, THE CHAP-BOOK appeared on smooth paper with illustrations, and certain experimental modifications were made in its character. The editorial management has from the beginning been in the hands of Mr. Herbert Stuart Stone. For the first month or two Mr. Bliss Carman was associated with him, but since September, 1894, Mr. Harrison Garfield Rhodes has been the associate editor.

Among the names which have appeared as contributors may be mentioned, choosing somewhat at random, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Alice Brown, Bliss Carman, Gertrude Hall, Richard Hovey, Louise Chandler Moulton, Gilbert Parker, Charles G. D. Roberts, Clinton Scollard, William Sharp, Paul Verlaine, Louise Imogen Guiney, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Maria Louise Pool, Richard Henry Stoddard, Richard Burton, Madison Cawein, Eugene Field, Julian Hawthorne, H. H. Boyesen, Clyde Fitch, Hamlin Garland, Edmund Gosse, Kenneth Grahame, Hamilton Wright Mabie, Maurice Thompson, I. Zangwill, John Vance Cheney, John Davidson, "Q," Lillian Bell, John Burroughs, William Ernest Henley, Robert Louis Stevenson, H. B. Marriott Watson, William Canton, Stephen Crane, Norman Gale, Max Beerbohm, John Fox, Jr., Henry James, F. Frankfort Moore, Arthur Morrison, Clinton Ross, H. G. Wells, S. Levett Yeats, Katherine Tynan Hinkson, Charles F. Lummis, Edmund Clarence Stedman, George W. Cable, Alice Morse Earle, Brander Matthews, Octave Thanet, W. B. Yeats, Thomas Hardy, Tudor Jenks, Joseph Pennell, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Paul Laurence Dunbar, J. J. Piatt, Ruth McEnery Stuart, George Edward Woodberry, E. F. Benson, R. W. Chambers, L. E. Gates, John Jay Chapman, Norman Hapgood, Gerald Stanley Lee, William Watson, John Kendrick Bangs, Henry Newbolt, Joel Chandler Harris, Andrew Lang, and many other perhaps quite as well known.

THE CHAP-BOOK is grateful to many literary men and women for aid and encouragement, and to its readers for many evidences of friendliness. It hopes that it has succeeded in some measure in being what it tried to be, at once sane and entertaining. And to any who will miss it it presents thanks for the compliment.

July 15, 1898.



